



明日、

ボクは

死

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Tomorrow, I will die. You will revive

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生

き返る。

~Sunrise &
Sunset Story~

藤まる Fujimaru
illustration H₂SO₄

I will die.
revi

on: H₂SO₄

電撃文庫

Tomorrow, I Will Die. You Will Revive

Side Stories

by Fuji Maru

[Novel Updates](#)

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Illustrations



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Prologue

The girl opened a diary.

It was a peculiar diary.

They were written by the same person, but it became an exchange diary.

The girl continued to flip through those memories, appearing to reminisce the past.

At the same time, she thought.

Back then, what was she thinking, and why did she have such thoughts.

And also, her thoughts—about ‘him’.

“Hey, Hikari Yumesaki! Why did I get interrogated when I went to school!? What did you do!?”

The girl could not help but chuckle once she saw his diary entry.

She remembered that it was when she accidentally entered the changing room. She really was sorry for that.

“I’m going to show you that there’s a chance of a delinquent being suddenly kissed while walking!”

Again, she laughed.

That was the first encounter she had when playing as a hero, the encounter with Kasumi.

That encounter brought her wonderful memories, so she could not help but smile.

No matter how many times she recalled that scene, her face would warm.

“Yahoo! Spinach!”

And the girl could not help but laugh out loud.

Back then, he fought a delinquent to protect Kasumi, and became a hero.

The biggest delinquent in class—actually a coward at heart, stood up for

another girl.

And finally, he left that entry.

Upon thinking about that, the girl laughed heartily.

Following that was,

“You did it, hero.”

“I did it, hero.”

That could be said to be the girl’s favorite memory.

She still remembered it.

Whenever she saw that diary entry, she would feel that their hearts were linked.

After that, the girl continued to flip through the many memories with a smile on her face.

The memories of her bothersome moments to matchmake him and Kasumi.

The memories of her anxiously watching him with that boy who misunderstood her cause of death.

The memories of the commotion that was Yukiko’s love letter.

The memories of them arguing when she refused to visit her mother.

The memories of another pair who also experienced the switch in personalities—Hayato and Chiaki.

...

Each of them remained fresh in her mind.

What was she thinking back then, and what did she do.

What was he thinking back then, and what did he do.

Those memories were all wonderful.

Precious interludes that she could never forget, no matter how she tried to forget.

The girl smiled.

She recalled those irreplaceable days.

At the same time, she could not help but realize, That those irreplaceable days—were about to come to an end.

It was a pity, but she was left with no choice. One of them was fated to vanish.

In that case, she would be the one to vanish. She did not want him to die yet, more so than anything else.

The girl really wished, from the bottom of her heart, that he would be happy. Such a wish caused her to wipe away her tears so many times.

...

...However, at that moment,

The girl suddenly had a thought.

If she was no longer around,

Would he still remember her?

Or would he still continue to like her forever?

Suddenly, the girl felt uneasy and anxious.

As her other half, would he really be able to live in a world without her?

Perhaps he might—

!

And at that moment.

The girl lifted her head, having thought of something.

Right,

There was a way.

Only one way to revive.

Once the girl thought of this, she finally beamed, feeling uplifted, and the ideas began to flow.

Perhaps she would be able to revive again once.

Since she made up her mind, there was no time to hesitate.

The girl nimbly moved the body of the boy she was used to, and sprung into action.

When would it be? Of course, on Christmas.

She shall make a prayer to Santa Claus— that she would revive once on the Night of the Eve.

Who shall she task this to? Perhaps that girl after all?

"She is the one who gave me the most support after all."

The girl's smile broke into a grin. She had nothing to fear.

Even though the sun would set, it would rise again.

The girl stood up adamantly, apparently wanting to prove that.

Now then, let's begin the preparations.

For the day when the sun does not rise,

For the moon and the night sky so that the sun would rise again.

The story shall be extended a little.



—Sunrise & Sunset Story—

CUT 1 – Yukiko, looking for the special one to Big Brother

The exchange journal.

It referred to the journal shared by many, which the users took turns to write on.

— —

—

It was very sudden, but since Spring of this year, I started having an exchange journal.

With a high school girl who was seventeen years old, somewhat.

Not only did it describe our daily lives, it also contained our topics and grumbling. There was a lot of variety in the topics we talked about, ranging from random talk to dirty talk. She was good at drawing illustrations, and included some cute ones, always writing my journal until it was really pretty. I guess she spent a lot of time on it.

Well, I guess that with such an introduction, it won't be surprising to have all the unpopular virgins in the country say "I'm so jealous!" "I want an exchange journal with a high school girl!"

Unfortunately, there were two points that were definitely not normal about that exchange journal between me and her

First off, the first point.

This first point was what made it different from an ordinary exchange journal.

That was, the person I'm sharing the exchange journal with, this 'Hikari Yumesaki', was a super miraculous idiot.

"Are you kidding me..."

It was four months into the start of the exchange journal, on a certain

morning during summer vacation.

I was immediately blasted by her—‘Hikari Yumesaki’.

“Good morning Sakamoto! Did you give a nice scary face today? I wanted to go for remedials today, but the weather’s too good today! So? I ended up skipping class and went to the local pool before I knew it. Sorry☆ here’s some psychokinesis!”

“What is this psychokinesis...?”

As indicated in the journal entry, I don’t know whether to say if this girl’s just dumb or stupid. She’s always doing stupid things, causing trouble for those around her. A few days ago, she did something really stupid while shopping online a few moments back. She wrote 10 as 100 by mistake, and I got 100 mouse pads. Anyways, was there a need for 10 of these? What does she need them for?

“She’s always causing trouble for others.”

I sighed as I continued to read.

But if she was just an ordinary idiot girl, I personally wouldn’t have felt bad about it. Skipping remedials and going to school? Haha, what an idiot—if only I could just laugh it off. But unfortunately, I have a reason as to why I couldn’t laugh this off.

And that was the second point that made this different from an ordinary exchange journal.

Thus, number two.

That second points which made it different from an ordinary journal.

That would be the fact that Hikari Yumesaki herself was already dead, and yesterday’s me was her.

...Well, I guess even the smart ones won’t be able to understand that, but I’m not lying. It’s true.

It was a certain rainy day in early April when Hikari Yumesaki had died right before me in a traffic accident. Back then, I was coerced by a mysterious being who asked me “Will you give up half of your life to save her?” and so I

answered, “bring it on.”. But—

In the end, Hikari Yumesaki revived in the extremely troublesome ‘occupying my body every alternate day’ manner.

So, in other words, I can live normally, but tomorrow, my body and consciousness will be occupied by Hikari Yumesaki. During that time, we won’t have each other’s memories, so the actual experience inside the body is reduced by half. This is what it meant by my lifespan being reduced by half. It sounds nice. Hahahahaha...haha...ha.

So we had started having a life of two personalities in one body. We needed to share one body, so we never spoke to each other before. We have an exchange journal, and by using it, we got to live a peaceful life of two personalities in one body, without anyone else finding out.

...So I had thought back then.

Drawing my consciousness to the journal in my hands, I continued reading—

“—Now then, this is where the real problem is...to be honest, when I was going back, well old habits die hard, and I returned to the girls changing room! The police was called in, and it was really bad, but I managed run all the way home in the Bermuda trunks! Praise me now, praise me now♥”

“Who’s gonna praise you, you idiot!? What did you do in my body—“

Faced with this idiotic journal entry from yesterday’s me, I couldn’t help but growl, “Uuuuughhhh...” and look up to sigh,

“I told you over and over again to remember that you’re a guy...”

Well, as indicated in this journal entry, our daily lives of two souls in one body was always in jeopardy. It was commonplace for yesterday’s me to barge into a girl’s changing room. Over the past few months, I had been triggering all kinds of crazy event flags.

“But I am kind of happy about it. So won’t nitpick about it.”

“As apology, Hikari here will draw all she saw in the girls’ changing room! Ehehe, as thanks, just give me five boxes of Koala Marches, partner!” The journal entry then stated. I could only sigh hard when faced with these words

and the R18 illustrations—why do I have to thank her for these illustration she drew to make up for her mistake—so I mutter. She was a stubborn one.

I continued to grumble same as every morning, and finally arrived at the basin to wash my face. Yep, at that point, I finally had a feeling that ‘the day has finally started’.

“You finally woke up, brother.”

I thought as I arrived at the living room, only to be met by these words. The girl watching the TV in the living room turned over to me with an unhappy look.

“Morning, Yukiko.”

“It’s noon already. Even if it’s summer vacation, that’s too lax of you.”

I lazily greeted her, and she answered with a scowl. Argh, looks like she was as peeved as usual.

This would be my little sister who started attending Middle School in Spring this year, Yukiko Sakamoto.

Her unique characteristics would be her petite body and her short bobcut on both the front and back of her head, her large, moist eyes always glittering, and a very cute face. If she did smile, she probably would have been very popular in class.

Right, if she ever smiled.

Yukiko was always aloof, or always fuming away; in any case, she was not good at interacting with others. Thanks to that, she hardly had a friend, and even in Summer vacation, she was holed up at home. Deary me, that wasted lifestyle was so like her big brother. Dear pitiful soul. It was...damn it.

“Where’s mom?”

I wiped the tears from my eyes as I asked Yukiko, and the reply was still the same old disgruntled voice.

“Mom left early today due to sudden work. If you get it, go make breakfast. Yukiko’s hungry.”

Like usual, Yukiko scowled as she answered.

“Seriously. Yukiko hasn’t had breakfast because you overslept, brother. You’re useless.”

“Yes yes, I’m sorry.”

Yukiko grumbled away, and I answered tersely as I put on the apron. Yep, it was the usual today too.

“Are you reflecting on what you did? Be grateful that Yukiko never woke you up.”

“Oh, right.”

She continued to grumble, but it was commonplace, and I didn’t mind too much. So, what to make for noon? Hmm, fridge...nothing.

“Besides, think of how you should be treating your little sister, brother. You’re always causing trouble.”

“Ah, yeah.”

Veggies. Maybe some fried rice.

“Shouldn’t you be grateful to have a wonderful little sister? Yukiko’s unhappy about this.”

“Ah, maybe.”

Need oil for the frying pan—eh? Where’s the oil?

“If-if that’s what you think, show some more love to your little sister...li-like a pat on the head, or a hug. You really can’t read the mood, brother.”

“Ahh, yeah.”

Whelps. We ran out of oil. Mom, what have you been doing all day?

“I-if you understand, get to it now. Should be fine as long as you’re able to go all ‘ahhh~ummm

♥”.”

“Yep, I’ll get to that later.”

No choice here. I got bread, so let’s make some sandwiches. It was all vegetables, but it’ll be healthy for the body.

“If-if you can do that much, Yukiko will service you too, brother...li-like a shower together or something...”

“Yep, not easy.”

I didn't bother much about Yukiko's usual endless rants as I stuffed the vegetables between the bread, and sliced them into small blocks. There was butter spread on the bread, and it was a trick to prevent the bread from being all soggy.

And so, after about five minutes.

I served the made sandwich on a plate and laid it before Yukiko. Come on, just eat now, little sister.

“..” “...”

But Yukiko wasn't in the mood.

“? What, Yukiko. You're not eating?”

“I am.”

“..” “...”

Eh, then why aren't you doing anything? And anyway, why's your face blushing?

“Hu-hurry up. Nobody else is looking.”

“Hm? What?”

.....Hmmm?

“Ah.”

That thing? She was waiting for her brother to start first? Is that it?

Well well well, I do think of her as someone who only knows how to grumble, but this is heartbreaking, isn't it? I'll tuck in then.

“Then, I'll go ahead—”

I pick up the tomato sandwich and took a huge bite. Yep, even I find it nice. Come on, Yukiko. You can eat me. Hm? Why's she closing her eyes while blushing, with her mouth slightly opened? Hmmm? Why did she open her eyes

and widen them once she saw me eating it? Hmmm? Why's she giving a pose? Hm? Eh? That's?

Ehh—that...isn't good?

“Why did you start eating already, you stupid brother—!?”

“Ehhhhh—!?”

And in the next instant.

A sudden punch landed on my head, and I collapsed. Yukiko wolfed down her sandwich, saying, “And it's because of how you are that you're always a virgin, brother!” she then slipped back to her room on the second floor. Eh, eh hh?

“What was she getting at...I don't understand at all...”

My little sister's weirdness caused me to tilt my head, but at the very least, she was entering puberty—I didn't think much further at that point as I munched down on the sandwich. She was a strange little sister.

Well, that was how it was. I got beaten by my little sister for some weird reason, but my summer vacation was proceeding rather smoothly. It was always like that, but the two personalities in one body life with Hikari Yumesaki would never continue without obstruction.

Two days later, the me on the next day hastily started an incident somewhere I didn't know of.

And she had involved my little sister—Yukiko Sakamoto.

“Impossible.”

On a certain day, when July was about to end.

It was supposed to be an ordinary day during Summer vacation, but something suddenly happened.

Yukiko was holed up in her own room, crouched in a corner, pondering over what just happened.

She never expected such a thing to happen.

No way. Yukiko herself couldn't believe such a reality.

“Brother...why did he do such a thing?”

That immature, timid big brother of Yukiko was still a hidden handsome dude. The long hair was nice to smell, and the muscular body was super sexy. Yukiko never expected him to actually do such a thing.

“Sniffles...”

Truly, it was weird. Yukiko herself couldn’t believe such a reality. Yukiko couldn’t accept it.

So,

“No matter what, Yukiko needs to investigate that.”

Regarding the one and only big brother Yukiko dearly loved.

That big brother’s—

“Special one.”

“Brother wrapped a present. He said it was for a special someone. But recently, the present had disappeared from the table.”

“Hm?”

It was the afternoon.

With the crickets crissing, Yukiko rode on a bicycle with sweat all over Yukiko was back, finally arriving at the Sakurahime High School brother studied at. Of course, Yukiko’s objective was her brother...no, the infirmary.

At the south side of the school, where the sun was shining way too much on, there was an infirmary on the first floor.

Yukiko didn’t enter, but approached from the outer fence, peeping in through the window. Yukiko saw the school nurse playing a cellphone game elegantly. She didn’t seem to have noticed Yukiko, and through the opened window, Yukiko call out,

“I’m looking into where a present has gone to. Do you have a clue?”

She saw Yukiko here, and looked really happy for some strange reason, beaming as she said to her,

“Ufufu, before that, do you mind introducing who you are, cute Missy?”

“Yukiko Sakamoto. The little sister of Akitsuki Sakamoto from class 2-2.”

“! Eh, Sakamoto...”

At that moment, she immediately showed a stunned look, and then she walked towards the window, smiling brighter than before. Hmph, what was she getting at?

“Oh, I see. So Akitsuki does have a little sister.”

Sutera Higumo.

She was the school nurse of Sakurahime High School big brother has, an infamous witch who tempted male students with her sexy body.

Back in Spring, Yukiko was stalk...ahem, Yukiko was carrying out the mission to watch over her big brother, and Yukiko saw their bodies intertwined. Back then, Yukiko was really troubled, wondering how Yukiko could split her stomach out in one go.

“Ufufu, how cute. Your eyebrows are exactly the same as Sakamoto.”

“D-do-don’t touch Yukiko!”

She reached her hand out through the window, and stroked my eyebrows with her fingers. Yukiko waves her hand off angrily. That fragrance from a girl instantly got me dizzy. Hmph, Yukiko was being teased.

“Ufufu. Sorry here.”

Ah goodness. Now she was showing off by opening up the cleavage under her white coat, showing off those sexy thighs too. What’s wrong with this school? Big brother was still a hungry virgin. He needed to be more careful.

“So you’re going around to ask to whom your brother gave that present to?”

“Yes.”

“Hm, I see so. So then...”

The school nurse that shakes her long ponytail, showing a bold smile—

Hm?

“...Just to ask, why are you looking into where the present went, Yukiko?”

She asked such a question.

“N-no special reason at all.”

“Hm, heh. I see. Ufufu, Akitsuki sure has it tough.”

Grrrrr. She’s infuriating Yukiko.

“And then? Are you suspecting that I’m that ‘special one’?”

“Yep. Brother has lots of H videos involving school nurses, so Yukiko thinks the chances of it being a teacher is very high.”

“Heh—...”

Yukiko often checked out brother’s computer. Yukiko really needed to put in lots of effort just to crack the password for his secret video folder. It was just that sometimes, the tag for the folder name will change into

‘The capacity of this folder is 5 GB. Please explain yourself as much as you want’ or ‘the last modified time of this folder was 8.45am in the morning. What in the world have you been doing in the morning’ or ‘speaking of which, 8.45am yesterday was the airing time of Hikari’s pretty girl airing time. Maybe the anime of little girls makes you want to...’

well, stuff like that. It does feel like some self-roasting lampshading.

“That was not all. Recently, brother said ‘this is unforgivable’ when he read the news on a doctor taking photos, but the next day, he was already wearing a white robe,

“Yukiko-chan! Let’s play doctor here! So be shy here and loosen up your clothes. Hahaha.” It was really disgusting.”

But speaking about brother, Yukiko never thought he would boldly carry out diagnosis like that...kya

♥.

“I see. So Akitsuki does have such a fetish. Doctor huh...sounds like it’s worth a shot. Ufufu.”

Hmph. Why is she giving such a lewd look? Looks like Yukiko gave her too

much information.

“Leaving that aside, may Yukiko ask if you have received brother’s present?”

“Hm? If that’s the case, you may relax. Unfortunately, I didn’t receive anything.”

“...Oh.”

“Just relax for now, sweetie Yukiko.”

“Hmph...”

The school nurse continues on as she strokes me with her delicate fingers.
Hmph.

“Th-that’s it for now. Sorry to trouble you. Bye then.”

Yukiko had a feeling that Yukiko would be toyed by her if Yukiko continued to stay here. In any case, Yukiko had to retreat as soon as possible.

“Ufufu. Now hold on a moment, Yukiko.”

So Yukiko thought, but for some reason, she caught Yukiko from behind by my back.

What, what now?

“You know, recently, Akitsuki hasn’t been coming over to the infirmary. So this teacher here is really lonely.”

“So-so what?”

“Yeah. You see, when I see how you look so alike to Akitsuki, my heart just flutters, Yukiko.”

“Huh?”

Eh, wh-what’s she saying—

“So, Yukiko...”

The school nurse says as she holds down Yukiko’s neck from the back—

“How about a doctor play...with this teacher here?”

—Phew

“Hiiiiiee—!?”

No nono. Don't blow into Yukiko's ear like that!?

“Ufufu. Your drool's oozing.”

D-don't caress Yukiko's face! Why was she giving the look of a reptile who had found its prey! Why was she reaching her fingers into Yukiko's mouth!? Th-this woman's very dangerous after all!

“Yu-Yu-Yu-Yu-Yu-Yu-Yukiko shall take her leave!”

“Ah!”

Yukiko hurriedly waved off her hand, and ran off without turning back. Anyway, Yukiko has to retreat from here first.

Th-that was close...Yukiko was about to lose something very important. There was some disgusting sweat coming out...

“Got to be wary of her. Yukiko has to tell brother too...”

Leaving that aside, Yukiko can be sure that she didn't receive it. In any case, Yukiko can relax.

In that case...

“Next target, that woman.”

“Big brother wrapped a present. He wrapped it for a special someone. It disappeared from the table recently thought.”

“Eh?”

After leaving the high school, Yukiko arrived at a nearby park.

There were few facilities there, but there was a nice bench and a flower bed. It was a large park with a peaceful atmosphere. There, I asked the person who was playing with a large pet dog.

“Yukiko's looking into where the present went to. Do you have any clues?”

“We-went to...?”

Kasumi Sanada.

The classmate to Yukiko's big brother, a bitch with braids. This witch took

away big brother's lips, and inflicted an unforgettable trauma to Yukiko. Yukiko was waving her fists in happiness when she learned that this witch got dumped. In any case, she was just a friend with benefits. Serves her right

♪.

"Sa-Sakamoto prepared a present?"

"Yeah. But it's gone now."

She gave an uneasy look, shaking those stupidly large knockers. They're an eyesore.

Yukiko will never forget the matter of big brother bringing her home. Back then, she actually said,

"I hope you'll call me sister."

That was ridiculous...uggh, I really wanted to squeeze out all the blood in her body from those tits of hers like milk. No way will I call her sister even if I die.

"Well brother loves big brothers. He was watching a model show on TV recently and said 'size doesn't matter', but the next day, he was yelling,

"I could have touched my friends' breasts however I wanted last time! Is this a symptom of taboo~? I wanna bury my face into the breasts!"

What's with the 'last time'? And after that, he said,

"In that case, let's get Yukiko-chan...that's a little too..."

Yukiko really wanted to beat her breasts swollen. Even Yukiko is an A cup... sniffles.

"Does Sakamoto want to...bury his face in tits.....I would have been popular..."

"What did you just say?"

Yukiko seem to have heard something Yukiko couldn't miss out on!

"Ah, i-it's nothing at all! Then, are you asking, if I received the present?"

"Yeah. Do you have a clue?"

Yukiko be honest. If this woman was the special one, Yukiko was already mentally prepared to commit crime. She stole big brother's lips...

“Uu, I didn’t receive any present...who did Sakamoto give it to...?”

Serves you right. Enjoy it. Yukiko shall let you live for today.”

“Yu-Yukiko. What kind of present is it?”

“Eh?”

While Yukiko was cheering hard quietly inside my heart, that woman suddenly asked Yukiko that question.

“Ah, th-that...Yukiko only saw the box. Yukiko doesn’t know what’s inside.”

“I see. Uu, it’s not for me...Sakamoto.”

Of course. He was just toying with you.

“Who did he give it to? This is frustrating. If I find out, I’ll definitely...”

.....

Wh-what are you going to say!? This one’s really terrifying!!

“Th-this is all Yukiko has to say! Yukiko shall get going then!”

“I guess. Well, whatever. It’s my fault for liking him so much. In that case, I’ll just have to be forceful...(mutters).”

Yukiko tried to bid farewell to that woman who wasn’t listening to anything at this point, and walked away. Her eyes just looked scary. It was best for Yukiko to not get involved with such a person.

But.

“Ugh...”

The large dog who was playing around with the braids girl suddenly blocked the park entrance.

Uu, Yukiko’s really terrible at handling animals. It was a big Golden Retriever too. That fur color was the same as its master. Really annoying.

“Shoo, shoo shoo. Over there!”

Yukiko gesture with hands to chase it away, but it continued to glare back.

No, no nono. It’s not Yukiko’s fault that your master was giving such a scary

look, you know? You're mistaken, so could you please not look here...hya!?

"Wait, ho-hold on! Yaaaaahhhhh—!?"

"Woof woof!"

That annoying premonition became reality.

That dumb dog approached Yukiko, and leapt over. And—

"Yahhhhh!?! Wait, no! Don't lick there!"

That perverted dog shoved Yukiko, and even ruffled my clothing to lick Yukiko!

"No, please! Stop! Don't lick there!"

Let go of Yukiko! Arggh! Was this dog as sick in the mind as its master!?

"Wait, ow-owner! Help! Yukiko's skirt is in trouble here!"

If Yukiko doesn't hurry, Yukiko's panties will...!

Yukiko continued to plead for help, but the dog owner was completely engrossed in her own world. A cold light was coming out from her eyes as she continued to murmur—

"I won't lose to anyone else if it's bust size...I'll just act like it's an accident and show Sakamoto—"

What was she mumbling about?

"Wait—! S-seriously, save Yukiko! This is really bad here!"

Yukiko was about to be wiped out right behind that stupid owner.

This pervert dog! If this...stop it! Yukiko butt was weak here!

"H-help!!"

"This is irresistible...how do I create this coincidence...?"

"Please! Save me! I promise I won't slander you on the blogs again!"

"I'm good at faking falls; I'll just have to practice being unable to get up after I pretend to fall..."

"Wait, please, really, save Yukiko—"

“And then, with the ‘mouth mixing skill’ I tried’—”

Ahh, really!

“Save me—‘si-sister’!!”

“Eh? You’re calling me—ahhh! Wh-what are you doing, Rito!? Come here!?”(EN:Rito really knows his stuff even as a dog)

Thanks to the owner rushing over, this Yukiko with her clothes all messed up was saved down. Anyway, what was that? That dog’s name reminded me of a certain harem protagonist’s name. These two are bitches!

After that, Yukiko continued to tell off that bitch who continued to apologize, and finally headed off to the next destination. Uuu...Yukiko’s butt was still itchy from that stupid dog licking. It actually licked yukiko with enthusiasm...how indecent!

But well, since Yukiko got intel, Yukiko shall forget about it.

“Doesn’t look like she’s the special someone.”

In that case, after that is...

“Brother wrapped a present. He said it’s for someone special. Recently it vanished from the table though.”

“Eh?”

In the sweltering heat, Yukiko continued to cycle for another 15 minutes. Yukiko was completely worn out as she finally arrived at a lone house.

Yukiko pressed the doorbell, introduced herself to the aunt who came out, and waited at the corridor for about ten seconds. The person slowly walking out was the next target. It was already summer, and he was still dressed in long sleeve clothing. He was a thorough weirdo.

“Yukiko’s looking into where a present went. Do you have a clue?”

“A present, huh?”

Upon hearing that question, he folds his arms, and started to think.

Takayuki Kazeshiro.

He was brother's friend, and a handsome one at that. Brother's relationship with Kazeshiro was so intimate that he had Yukiko stalk Kazeshiro. Recently, brother had been muttering, "Always with those weird pranks...maybe I should get Kazeshiro to be mindful of this. He was the only one who knows our secret." Yukiko doesn't know what that meant, but to brother, Kazeshiro was the one special person to us in the world. As expected, men...drools.

"Hm? You're blushing. Are you alright?"

"Eh, no-nothing at all! Yukiko isn't having some strange delusion here!"

That was close, really close. As to be expected of Kazeshiro; he was able to pick up on the delicate parts.

Yukiko still remembered the time when Yukiko first spoke to him. He came to our house, met Yukiko, and actually said, "Ah, isn't this the cute little sister of yours?" He said that before brother! Awesome! Keep praising Yukiko!

"Is that so? Anyway, you're asking about the present, right? Sorry, but I know nothing about it."

"Really? Yukiko thought it will be with you, Kazeshiro..."

"No no, that's impossible."

Kazeshiro shook his head weakly.

No no, that was completely possible. Very possible in fact.

"It was just a while when Yukiko found BL doujins under brother's bed. Also,

'When will Takayuki Kazeshiro push down Akitsuki Sakamoto?'

Yukiko heard him mutter that really seriously. The chances of that is very high."

"...Hm, is that so...?"

Why doesn't Kazeshiro look happy while answering to that? No way, that had to be an act. Yukiko had been eavesdropping whenever he was in brother's room, and heard brother ask him,

"You got someone you like, Kazeshiro?"

"Eh, wh-what's with that out of a sudden...?"

“Well, Akitsuki Sakamoto is a pretty nice guy. You don’t have an interest in him?”

“Not—at all.”

...That was the part. That ‘not at all’ part really sounds like a tsundere. The dream continues to grow...

“But a present, huh?”

While Yukiko was indulging in delusions, Kazeshiro started to think with a serious look.

“Hmm...‘which side’ is giving the present?”

Hm? Which side? What do you mean?”

His strange explanation had Yukiko tilting her head in confusion. At that moment, Kazeshiro bent down and asked with a serious look,

“Hey little sister. When—did that present vanish?”

Wh-when was it?

“Which day the present disappeared. I guess he gave it to someone. When was that day?”

“Eh, ah, that...”

U-uh oh...

“R-re...recently.”

“I want to know the exact date. Even if it’s a day off, the significance differs greatly.”

“Th-th...that’s...”

Wh-why is he so particular about the date?

“So-sorry. Yukiko can’t remember.”

“Really? Oh well. Ehh...which side is it?”

So Kazeshiro left Yukiko aside and started to brood, frowning harder than before.

“Just in case, if that one likes someone, I...”

“?”

That someone? That someone referred to brother, right? If brother had someone he liked, then what?

“I-I might go crazy with envy.”

“Huuueeeee!?”

Wait—Yu-Yukiko’s heart lets out a strange sound.

Wh-what was that!?

“I don’t think it’s very possible, but if it’s with a guy I don’t know of... Damn it. Am I no good?”

“—!?”

N-not good...these problematic words...!

“Let’s play together next time. I want to see that beautiful again.”

T-th-this guy was a tsundere as Yukiko thought!

“Hey, little sister. Next time, when I go to your house...eh?”

Yukiko was at her rational limit as she runs away with a blushing face. PUahhh, this is a great idea.

“But it doesn’t look like Kazeshiro’s the special one though. Ughh...”

And Yukiko never expected him to ask the date. So close—

“So close to ‘letting it slip’.”

Once Yukiko was done with investigations, Yukiko returned home, wiped the sweat as Yukiko drank milk. Yukiko then returned to her room, locked the door, pulled the curtains down...

“...”

And laid out ‘that thing’ on the bed, looked at it for a while, and put it on.

Yukiko saw herself in the mirror, and couldn’t help but sigh,

“...This is amazing.”

It was a one-piece dress with a nice I-line, matched with some mature looking stockings and a dark colored bag. Obviously it was not cheap—probably branded goods, very pricey at that. There was no way these were bought on a moment of impulse.

“Why, brother...why give this present to Yukiko...?”

A few days ago.

A female dress was placed on brother’s table.

It was carefully placed there, and looked like it was going to someone special.

Who did he want to give it to? Yukiko was very wary of it, but never expected it to be for her.

“Uuu...i-it’s too short...”

The short one-piece skirt couldn’t cover the legs well. It was cute, but prone to upskirts. Yukiko trips over often, so it was dangerous.

“Lo-looks like Yukiko can only wear this at home...”

Leaving brother aside, no way can Yukiko let any stranger see her like this.

“...More importantly.”

This was a present from brother. A present for Yukiko. But—

“Impossible.”

It was absolutely impossible.

Yukiko couldn’t believe such a reality.

That immature, timid, hidden handsome brother of mine; his sidelong handsome sweating face caused Yukiko’s heart to race, the neck so unbelievably sexy. That brother actually did such a thing.

Only for Yukiko.

Yukiko never expected such a special present to be for her.

It was not Yukiko’s birthday. It was not Christmas Day. It was not some special day, and yet that present was given. Surely it just looked weird.

Yukiko couldn’t believe it, and went to visit everyone else, but as expected,

nobody other than Yukiko received a present.

That special existence—was somehow Yukiko.

“Sniffles...”

That reality caused Yukiko to cry tears of joy. But Yukiko couldn't believe it; Yukiko couldn't accept it.

So.

“In that case, Yukiko can only attack the person himself.”

In order not to mess things out, let's simulate this in the mind today. Execute it tomorrow.

“Got to figure out the truth.”

The one older brother Yukiko really loves.

The special person to him—

“Is it really just Yukiko?”

“That idiot...”

Feeling sleep deprived, I was completely worn out, went down the stairs, washed my face and brushed my teeth. After a quick breakfast, I returned to my room for a change of clothes. I then sat on the chair, and flipped the notebook open. I read the following words,

“Nope. It wasn't my fault.”

That's how the entry started off like,

“I was trimming the eyebrows when the nose itched...I couldn't help but sneeze, but I never expected to sneeze so much...my eyebrows went Super Saiyan 3 now...gi-give me some right now!...I'm just joking.”

“That idiot...why do such a thing?”

I let out a really, really, really deep sigh.

Of course, the reason was due to the face reflected on the mirror. The face that was already scary to begin with looked all the more terrifying. Really, I'm that now, right? I'm more like a gangster than a delinquent now. Hahahaha...

seriously...

“But then but then! I shaved off the other eyebrow to make sure both sides are matching! Now you definitely look like a delinquent! Yay! Good for you, Sakamoto! Anyway, this feels really cute instead, right? Just relax and fall in love with a delinquent then!”

“How am I supposed to relax? Don’t make decisions for me like this!”

I didn’t look like a nice guy, and I lost my eyebrows. No way could I find someone on this world who found me cute. If there was, I would have proposed on the spot.

The later part of the journal entry contained her thoughts on the robot anime that aired recently, and she never apologized about the eyebrows. I glanced through it, and couldn’t help but frown. She really was up to no good.

I was already feeling lethargic in the morning, and I closed the journal, lazily dragging my body out of my room with the fatigue. Argh, how do I explain this to my parents?

While wondering about this—

“Hey.”

“Ah...”

It seemed Yukiko had been waiting for me at the door. She bumped into me.

“What, going out? Nice dress up.”

“...No, I’m not going anywhere.”

Ah, is that so? Well, whatever.

Yukiko was wearing a soft one-piece dress with a matching, classy bag to go along. What’s with that? Did she look more mature because of this getup?

“...Brother. Erm, there’s something I want to ask you.”

“Hm? Me?”

What?

“I hope you’ll answer honestly...”

“Huh.”

Yukiko, with a blushing face, started to stammer as she fidgeted, looking completely anxious. Her eyes were blinking like a frantic butterfly. What’s with her?

“E-erm, well, that—”

And with an adorable look, she was flabbergasted for about ten seconds. She then seemed to have made up her mind though.

With her lips tense, she gave me a strong, determined look, and then—

“Why give the present to Yukiko alone?”

She asked.

“Present?”

I was increasingly confused.

What was she referring to—I thought, and then I understood. Ahh, the present, as in that?

Again, I sized up Yukiko. Speaking of which, Hikari Yumesaki seemed to have mentioned that she bought some clothes for Yukiko, and wanted me to give it her. I forgot to do that though, so it seemed that Hikari Yumesaki personally gave the present to Yukiko. Yep, she had a keen eye when it came to choosing clothes.

Then, what was inappropriate about that present?

“E-erm, it was not Yukiko’s birthday, so why give a present to just Yukiko? Y-you never did it for other girls. Why just Yukiko...?”

“Ahhh, I guess...so?”

I wasn’t very sure as I didn’t know what that person was up to. It seemed that Hikari Yumesaki left a present only for Yukiko.

So I tried to guess what Hikari Yumesaki was thinking.

.....

...

Yep.

She definitely did it in the spur of the moment. Most probably.

“Yukiko in a One Piece dress has arrived! The One Piece of the world is here!”

Wait, no way, right?

But I couldn't just answer that. Hm, what should I do? Well whatever, let's just wing it.

“Hm, well, that. Just in the mood. Yep. That's it.”

“Really, just in the mood?”

But Yukiko couldn't seem to agree.

“...But if it was just in the mood, normally, you wouldn't go this far, brother. It was not a special day...Yukiko hoped that you'll be honest. Yukiko was curious about this.”

Ahh...she was acting different from usual, clinging on.

Well, Yukiko's been like that all this while. Or rather, had she been so nitpicky about such strange things? Did such a thing happen when we were younger? I once had a tummy ache, and when I talked to her, I was being aloof, so she was really concerned. “Did Yukiko do something annoying?” She came to my room in the middle of the night, looking all teary. But when we slept together, she was happy.

Well, leaving the memories aside, I had to try to convince this Princess before me. That verbally dumb me couldn't lie to save my life.

So what finally came out of my mouth were just some vague words.

“Nothing to be shocked about. Well...to me, you're ‘special’.”

“———Eh?”

She's my little sister after all.

Even though I was overly casual with the answer.

Eh, Yukiko? Why aren't you moving?

“———Sp-Special...?”

“Yeah, of course. You’re someone special, so I chose a present. It’s normal, right?”

I guess.

“Y-Yukiko’s special?”

“Yeah.”

“O-Only Yukiko, is special?”

“Well.”

“Really, is this true? If you’re lying, Yukiko’s going to curse you to make sure you won’t be with the one you like.”

Don’t say that now. That sounds really likely.

“It’s for real. Okay?”

“...”

And then, Yukiko went silent.

Hey, what was with that?

After that, we spent quite some time of silence.

Looking at how it was going, I assumed that blushing Yukiko would say something adorable, but as expected, she was my little sister. Like usual, she frowned hard at me, and then—

“Hmph, is that so? Y-You could have said so earlier! You made Yukiko worry! Hmph!”

And so, she started raging again.

...Why was she angry again? Such a strange one.

She then turned away, and hastily left.

“Hey, where are you going?”

“Just a little stroll! Now that I’m wearing this, I’ll walk around before coming back!”

Huh. Is that so?

“Goodness, you left Yukiko speechless, brother! How dumb can you be?”

With her shoulders huffing, Yukiko left.

Yep. I didn’t know what was going on, but it seemed it was all settled. Well, not too bad. If she was still angry, that showed that she was still energetic, I guess.

It was a little too early to mention this, but it would be really amazing for her to have a boyfriend. She was always fuming, and would throw tantrums for no apparent reasons. It was way too early for her—but if that happened, should I cheer on? For the boyfriend of course.

“Well. It’s finally summer vacation. Maybe I should play some games.”

So I stretched my back. At that moment, my phone suddenly rang.

“Hm? Who is it so early in the morning—”

.....

.....

...

“What is this!!!???”

I was left terrified upon reading the contents of the message. Another few came in.

Written there was—

“Akitsuki. If you wish to, you can play some terrible doctor play with this teacher in the infirmary

♥”

“Sakamoto, I bought a new pair of shoes, but the heels are too high, so I can’t get used to them. Please come walk with me, okay? It’ll be terrible if I trip over and remain stuck. Awaiting you will be the future you wish.”

“Sakamoto, anyway, please clean up under your bed. The you yesterday left something bad there.”

“This is...”

Ahh, here we go again. Seriously—

“That Hikari Yumesaki did something she shouldn’t have done.”

Yesterday’s me probably did something unnecessary. Seriously, she was taking action without care for the consequences. You’re not exactly special to me; just break away from me already.

I grumbled as I thought about the usual foolhardy yesterday’s me as I dealt with the messages. Ahh seriously; I really hoped Hikari Yumesaki could learn from Yukiko. She was weird, but she normally won’t get others involved.

“AH?”

Right when I was feeling displeased, I received another message.

Written on it was—

“Yukiko?”

Yukiko, whom I had just mentioned, sent me a confusing message. While reading it, I was left perplexed at her.

That message from my little sister was titled *‘the Special one to Yukiko’*.

‘Your ruined eyebrows—are very cute’



CUT 2 – Valentine’s Day, you shall become Cupid

Valentine’s Day.

As everyone knows, it was a ritual for girls to hand over chocolates to the boys they liked, a romantic gesture to express their love.

And for such an important occasion, Hikari Yumesaki went overboard by lazily handing over chocolate’s that she had eaten some of, angered Yukiko, and triggered a tragedy of being unable to get chocolate.

But at the same time, something else happened.

Actually, it was another hijinx relating to Valentine’s.

It happened in February, about ten months after I had encountered Hikari Yumesaki, when Valentine’s was about to start.

A Cupid with black wings was about to rumble without me knowing.

“Wake up now!”

“It’s very cold now!”

“Now! Now!”

“This Twitter account is registered by me without you knowing, Sakamoto!”

“I’m going to vent what I think and what happened as much as I want!”

“Once Hikari vanishes, Sakamoto will definitely be crying all day long.”

“He’ll definitely feel lonely.”

“So...when Hikari vanishes, Hikari’s going to make sure Sakamoto finds out this account through some way...”

“Ahh, so this happened before...that Hikari Yumesaki actually did something like this behind my back...”

“Hikari’s going to make you sad and think of Hikari from time to time.”

“I...still don’t want to be forgotten.”

“That’s why I’m going to keep tweeting!”

“And leave some messages for Sakamoto!”

“Leaving that aside, Sakamoto got really angry in this morning’s journal entry.”

“I’m really impressed that he’s able to get angry all day long.”

“I only used the wire of the lamp to practice some boxing,”

“And then I ended up doing a Shoryuken and made a big hole in the ceiling.”

“Hmph! He’s angry all because of this. That’s why he’ll always remain a virgin!”

“It’s all Sakamoto’s fault for being too tall!”

“But Hikari here is kind, so Hikari shall forgive!”

“And Hikari shall be Sakamoto’s Cupid!”

“Since Valentine’s coming.”

“So now, it’s time to go all out and get lots of chocolate!”

“This is also to make sure that I can get chocolate.”

“Virgin Sakamoto shall be happy too, and Hikari will eat lots of chocolate... two birds with one stone, they say!”

“And just to note, Hikari too intends to give something to Sakamoto...what to do?”

“Uu...leaving my stuff for later. Let’s think about it when it comes.”

“Speaking of which, got to bluff the girls into giving me chocolates while I have the chance now!”

“First off, Kasumi! Let’s call her, calling!”

“...”

“Wrong person...”

“I called Misaki on accident, and told her “Kasumi! I want handmade chocolates from you! You’re the one—!””

“Misaki kept giving a ‘ufufufufufufufufufufu’ laugh...”

“This isn’t good...”

“ ...”

“Well whatever♪”

“ ...”

“No nono. Sakamoto’s always angry because I’m always so lax about this.”

“Goodness, let’s try to balance this out.”

“Anyway, let’s give Kasumi a call.”

“Well, whatever.”

“Of course, let’s tell her “Misaki! I want handmade chocolates from you! You’re the one—!””

“Now this feels fair.”

“better give a call right now.”

“ ...”

“Yep! Perfect!”

““Oh, I see. Ho, ho, hoh.” She’s laughing.”

“Now this feels fair, right?”

“...I guess?”

“Well, whatever. Preparations complete! Looking forward to that day~!”

“That’ll be all for today! See you!”

...Something seemed amiss.

That day, I went to school as normal, and spent the entire day just like that.

But for some reason, Kasumi was...I don’t know...giving me pressure? I couldn’t endure how she had been giving me pressure the entire day.

What was going on? “Sakamoto’s first mouthful is definitely me.” So she said. What did it mean?

And furthermore, after school, “Senpai, your first mouthful belongs to Misaki no matter what.”

Ugh...I could only guess that something happened without me knowing.

“Hikari’s sense of balance is perfect!”

However, that was the only thing written on the journal, a vague one even. Something to do with Hikari Yumesaki? Ugh...

But even if I did think hard into it, there wouldn’t be any resolution.

And so, I gave up on pursuing the matter.

“Let’s have a nice good shower today!”

“Sakamoto’s little Sakamoto is cute today too!”

“Remember to brush my teeth after drinking milk!”

“Hikari just realized that she’s been sharing the same toothbrush with Sakamoto.”

“Ah, I’m really careless! As a Holy Maiden, Hikari’s somehow sharing a toothbrush with a boy!”

“Hikari’s a Holy Maiden! Hikari’s a pure maiden!”

“Hikari’s a prim and proper Yamato Nadeshiko!”

“Uuuu...if only Sakamoto had reminded me.”

“Sakamoto must have been thinking “hehehe! Hikari Yumesaki’s toothbrush! Kiss!” Definitely.”

“Seriously, that’s why that virgin has been causing me trouble.”

“Anyway, I’m going to use Yukiko’s toothbrush starting from today!”

“Uhehehehehehe.”

“...”

“I got scolded real badly...”

“I never thought I would have a roundhouse kick delivered on me...”

“And also, a figure 4 lock too...”

“And I got thrown down for some reason! “Yukiko’s going to use brother’s toothbrush too! Hmph!” so she said.”

“And then Yukiko really took Hikari and Sakamoto’s toothbrush.”

“I got to witness Yukiko blushing once she realized what she was doing.”

“Ehehe~! Blushing Yukiko’s so cute~~!”

“Leaving this aside, Kasumi sent a message.”

“Let’s see. “What side ingredients?” I think she asked that.”

“Hm, ingredients.”

“Which on?”

“Right!”

““uhehehe♪ I want some of your big breasts, Kasumi~” just joking.”

“Sent!”

“...”

“Eh? No reply.”

“...”

“Did I mess up?”

“...”

“Well, whatever♪”

“This is all for the twitter column! Do your best, Sakamoto!”

“Yippee ay ay.”

Ouch...

The following day, after school.

I was rubbing my swollen cheeks gloomily in the bedroom.

This morning, Kasumi suddenly told me in school, “How can I possibly squeeze them out! You idiot you idiot you idiot!” and rewarded me with a few slaps. Squeeze out? What? Seriously...Hikari Yumesaki must have done something again.

**“Hey, Sakamoto! Did you use Hikari’s toothbrush to
asjInvndnsanfknkewunjrlomnew?”**

But there was just that weird bit from yesterday’s journal. I guessed there shouldn’t be anything much to it. Really.

However, what left me concerned was what Kasumi said next— “B-but, if Sakamoto insists, that you may directly...suck...”

She said that.

Right, now what did that mean? Definitely not something decent.

I was left confused, so I just waved it off by saying “I’ll leave it to you. Looking forward to it.” For some reason, Kasumi started blushing furiously. Uu, seemed like I stepped on a landmine there. It was torture.

Couldn’t do anything about it.

“Speaking of which, why does Sakamoto like to call Hikari by her full name?”

“Maybe it’s because he wants to call out a girl’s name!”

“But it’s so awkward!”

“That’s why he called out the full name. Seriously, I can’t handle this virgin.”

“Leaving this aside, I wanna grope some breasts.”

“The flaw of being in Sakamoto’s body is that I can’t grope girls’ breasts as much as I want to!”

“Uu, if they look, they might find that he can be considered handsome...”

“He looks fierce, but he’s rather cute if they look closer at his clumsy actions. That matches the tastes of the majority out there...”

“Uuu....feeling ticklish.”

“Never thought I would suffer from not being able to grope...”

“Hikari would have assaulted any bystander if not for the fact that she has common sense!”

“If only Hikari was born without common sense...uuu.”

“Ugh~~~a boy’s body isn’t fun. Breasts! Breasts!”

“Enjoying a boy’s ass in a public bath doesn’t measure up to that!”

“Even though that does give some ecstasy...”

“Fuehehehe♥”

“Well, enough of grumbling, Sakamoto’s breasts are a little too pretty, aren’t they?”

“Like, well, the color of Sakuras in late March.”

“A faint color, fleeting and weak, a drunken scent. An aroma of Spring, some sour in the sweetness.”

“Color, clear, gloss, clear, shape, clear.”

“Uu, I’m just feeling outraged for some reason.”

“He looks savage! This is supposed to be the fetishes for a few!”

“From today onwards, I’m going to call Sakamoto the pink nipple strider!”

“So while I’m making my solo act, someone sent me a message.”

“It’s Misaki.”

“Let’s see, “Valentine’s coming, Misaki shall prepare a really sexy Misaki. What kind of Misaki do you wish to see?”!”

“Ehhhhhhhh~! Innocent pretty girl juniors are so cute~~!”

“Hmmm, let’s think.”

“Misaki’s suited to be sadist after all!”

“Put on leather equipment or bondage gear, step on someone.”

“And then spit, order others to call her ‘Your Majesty!’ or something like that.”

“Uhehehe...just thinking about it gets me hot...”

“Anyway, I’m looking forward to seeing such a character.”

“Sent!”

“Did quite a good bit today too.”

...It was unreasonable.

On this day, I remained alone at home, sighing away.

I was preparing to head home like usual, but for some reason, Misaki was standing at the school gate, waiting for me.

And for some reason—

“Hold it right there, you pink nipple strider!”

She shouted, and I took an intense flying kick with that pretty leg.

And then she trampled me over and over again.

I couldn't react at all, and Misaki—

“Senpai, are you happy now? This is the Misaki Koudera you were looking forward to seeing!”

She shouted. What was going on...

I was thinking that it was definitely because of the me the previous day.

But all that's written inside the entry was a very confusing

“Evil ugly spirits look so fleeting and weak.”

I didn't know what that meant, but there was probably some demeaning attitude to it.

Damn it.

“Hikari today is different from usual!”

“I don't know why, but I've been feeling enthusiastic since morning!”

“Just feel like these some days.”

“Super Hikari!!!”

“Let's start doing assignments with this mood.”

“I can't write!”

“I'm done with assignments!”

“Right, I forgot something very tricky.”

“Right! The Frosty Girl Chiaki!”

“It’s a tragedy! I forgot to remind her to give chocolates!”

“I hope to receive chocolates from Chiaki!”

“So I’m sending a message to her.”

“But Chiaki might look aloof, not very enthusiastic about this.”

“No! This makes me all pumped up!”

“She’s pretending not to care about Valentine’s, pretending not to know about it.”

“But on the day itself, she’ll look away and then go “I...I’ve prepared some chocolates’...”

“Nyahahaha~! Kuuderes are awesome~!”

“Got to remind Hayato to send chocolates immediately.”

“Luckily I know Hayato and Chiaki will switch personalities every alternate days. It’s easier to handle this now!”

“Eh, what do I write in the message?”

“Anyway, a draft first.”

“To: Hayato.”

“It’s been a while since you departed. Doing fine there?”

“Valentine’s starting.”

“So that day, the virgin boy on my side (LOLOLOL) will be visiting; please instruct Chiaki to spare some chocolates for him.”

“And please have Chiaki apply chocolate on her naked body.”

“He wants to lick, so please understand.”

“I understand it’s the delusion of a virgin, so please understand while mocking him.”

“I’ll leave it to you.”

“Probably.”

“...”

“Perfect! Now he’ll definitely be able to conquer Chiaki!”

“Copy and paste—sent!”

“Hikari shall go to sleep now...”

What the hell.

On that day, I was left distraught again.

The reason was simple. Chiaki gave me a call.

“Hello Akitsuki, are you doing fine? I shall be honest, it is about the last time. I can understand that a boy will have such desires, and I know that you are different from Hayato, not only unpopular, but a hungry male with such malicious delusions. However, I do feel it is inappropriate for you to be making such requests to women, and at the same time, all I am left with is disappointment. If such a thing has to be done, I will only do it with Hayato. I mean, eh...Hayato...can lick...but...”

The long spiel of lecturing got vague midway through.

But in the end—

“Anyway! You’re my friend! And nothing else!”

Chiaki furiously hung up the phone on me.

Why was I treated so unreasonably...

I was thinking that it was the me yesterday, **“Hikari understand Sakamoto better than anyone else, the best representative. Hikari understands what Sakamoto likes very well.”**

But that was the only bit written in the journal.

Yep, I dare say that this idiot did something. Seriously, and finish the homework already!

Anyway, leaving that aside, Kasumi and Misaki had been acting weird recently.

Those two—

“That day, I’ll be first—”

“The first mouthful will be mine—”

They spent the entire day muttering about these things.

And whenever they met, the atmosphere would be at breaking point.

Ehhhhh...

“I’m reading Sakamoto’s palm right now.”

“Feels like his lucky line is short.”

“He’s sharing the same body as Hikari here. That’s too rude!”

“Can’t stand that virgin...that’s why his palm fortunes looks like he’ll be a virgin forever.”

“Let’s just extend with a marker.”

“...”

“I got an oil marker...”

“...”

“Leaving that aside, it’ll be Valentine’s very soon!”

“Thanks to Hikari quietly helping out, Hikari shall believe Sakamoto will have an unforgettable day!”

“Kasumi, Misaki, Chiaki, uhehehe. Sakamoto will be really happy~”

“Right, leaving this aside, I think I forgot something...”

“Hm, what is it? Doesn’t seem like anything important either.”

“I don’t think I missed out on any girl next to Sakamoto...”

“Sakamoto should probably just want chocolates from these girls...”

“Uu...”

“Well, whatever♪”

“Must be me thinking too much—hm? Eh?”

“Yukiko’s calling me! Gotta go!”

“Eheheheh~! Tsundere Yukiko’s so cute!!”

“She said, ‘

Someone asked me, what’s the most ideal way of delivering chocolate?’

”

“So cute socute socute socute! She knew, but she’s using others as an excuse, so cute~!”

“So I just told her ‘feed directly with mouth’!”

“Now Sakamoto has one more in the happiness column!”

“Looking forward to seeing Yukiko’s handmade chocolates~ let’s see her doing it and attack♪”

“Uhehehe. Can definitely taste the Tsundere power at max♥”

“Then, Sakamoto, enjoy the day!!”

“Uu~I wanted to have the chocolate Yukiko made...I don’t like the thought of dying and becoming Restligest-san...Sakamoto! Try to get the chocolate! Please!”

On Valentine’s itself, those were the few lines at the beginning.

It seemed Yukiko was preparing Valentine’s chocolates for me, but because of Hikari Yumesaki’s messing around, she couldn’t get them, and complained to me. Seriously, what’s with her.

But to be honest, it was not important at all.

For I too was an endangered species.

“Me first! Back down, Misaki!”

“Sanada-senpai, you should be backing away. Senpai’s first mouthful belongs to Misaki.”

(Not good...)

Right, let’s explain the situation.

It was the morning of the rest day, the location, my room.

First thing in the morning, Kasumi and Misaki came to my room, fighting over my lips. As for what was going on at that point, it was simple.

It was Valentine's Day, so I was hoping something good would happen.

Hikari Yumesaki seemed to have done something behind my back. I was about to wonder why those two showed up, and they ignored me as they started to bicker.

With chocolates in hand, they seemed to be arguing, "Whose chocolate shall I taste first'. What in the world did Hikari Yumesaki tell them.

Looking at this, I seemed to have become a winner in life, and I couldn't help but smirk.

But because of my moment of carelessness, tragedy struck.

"Misaki doesn't know how much I want Sakamoto to have this first bite!"

Kasumi said,

"Ever...since I was saved by Sexy Dream, my feelings for Sakamoto..."

Her voice melancholic, her face was red.

Faced with that, even Misaki said,

"If-if I may say so...while I was being a rotten girl, when I first met you—"

And even she too lowered her head, blushing.

.....

H-huh? What's with the atmosphere?

Both of them went silent...should I be saying something?

"Wh-what should I do?"

But as I was useless, this happened. Faced with that situation, I was left helpless.

An unspeakable awkwardness lingered around us.

But—

The following developments swept away this heavy atmosphere.

“S-Sakamoto, I’ve—”

“Sen-senpai, I too—”

While both of them were blushing, and intended to continue— That guy broke in!

“Hello bro! Got to strike quickly—have some of my chocolate banana!!”

“EH!? Kinoshita!? What are—nnnnn!!”

““Ehhhh—ahhhhhhhhhh!!!””

.....

...

For a moment, I couldn’t understand what was going on.

But soon, I did.

This feeling, scent, taste.

When did he show up at the Sakamoto’s? Barging into this room with furor was an effeminate Middle School boy, Kinoshita.

He seemed to have thought of something. Why did I have a chocolate banana in my mouth—

What!? This is too sudden!

Half of the chocolate banana’s stuffed into my mouth!

I supposed there’s no need to explain this.

Black in color, curling up.

This chocolate banana could only be described as majestic.

Kinoshita’s basically feeding mouth to mouth, stuffing the chocolate banana deep into my mouth.

The soft touch meeting my lips caused me to shiver. The sweet scent of the boy (why does he have one?) left me dizzy. The taste of the chocolate banana spread in my mouth.

What...eh...this—

“It’s here—! N-n-n-never expected a chocolate banana to be the biggest contributor of Kaoru X Big Brother! As to be expected of Kaoru! You chose the banana without Yukiko guiding you. You really know how to do this!”

And that...

Yukiko, who was hiding outside the room and peeping in, yelled that.

The chaotic situation got more intense.

“Wh-what are you doing, Sakamoto!?”

Kasumi tried to peel me away from a clinging Kinoshita. However, the mysterious BL power meant that the boy clinging onto me had no intention to leave.

“Ehehe, bro, this is the mouth-to-mouth feeding Valentine’s you hoped for. Is this the Kaoru Kinoshita you hoped for?”

“Wha...yo-you used my special line—!!”

Misaki yelled and ran to join Kasumi. (So it’s a special line...?) Everyone got tangled up, and it was chaos. The Middle school boy clinging onto the high school boy, the two high school girls trying to break them up, and the middle school girl hiding at the back, watching and squealing in excitement; there was a whole strange sequence. Naturally, my heart was filled with despair. It seemed that recently, I had been kissing Kinoshita...

(The one I want to kiss is...)

Devastated, I looked over at the table.

There was a half-eaten chocolate snack on the table—Koala March.

She only cared about preparing this much for me, and yet she forgot to prepare her own chocolates. I recalled the words left behind by this girl, and was left flabbergasted.

“To Sakamoto. All my love♥”

Written on it were the words from my beloved.

CUT 3 – Tomorrow, Sexy Dream shall be destroyed, and a hero will be born

Sexy dream.

An ally of justice who fights the strong and helps the weak.

...Probably.

I never got to meet that Sexy Dream physically after all.

Well, leaving that aside, justice is a difficult thing.

Sometimes, when I did what I thought was right, hatred might ensue instead.

And depending on the location, a tragedy that can't be salvaged might occur.

What is the real cool sense of justice?

What is the real image of a hero?

Are justice and being cool unable to coexist?

Allow me to speak of a story with this little difficult problem.

That day, Spring was arriving, but it was a cold day.

It was a month until I got to know Hikari Yumesaki for a full year—in other words, it happened in early March.

Due to a sudden encounter, the story shall be started again.

“Nnn...huh?”

On that day, when the sky was still dark.

Before the bell rang, I suddenly woke up.

And at the same time, I noticed something.

“What is this?”

There was a torn note stuck on my forehead with tape. At that moment, I realized that the culprit was the me from yesterday. In other words, it was an emergency message for me to be read before I open the journal.

“Good morning Sakamoto. It’s very urgent, so I hope you’ll forgive me to leaving the message like this. Please hear my heart out.”

It’s dark, and I laid down, staring at the note intently as I read this. There was an illustration of Hikari Yumesaki wearing a black suit and shades, like an agent. You’re saying it’s urgent when you’re pretty free now, right?

“Anyway, hope you can calm down, and swear not to cause a ruckus.”

That’s what she wrote next. Yes yes, what is it?

“Anyway, take a deep breath. Fuu—ha—ha—ha.”

“Fu—ha—ha—ha...ahem.”

I exhaled.

“Now then, make sure that this isn’t a dream. Pinch your cheeks, rub around.”

“Rub rubrub.”

What am I doing?

“Also, I hope that you’ll realize that you’re still a virgin, OK?”

“Ahh, how old am I now, I’m really useless...what did you just make me say?”

Didn’t you say it’s an emergency!?

And so, I retorted non-stop, as is tradition.

But at the next moment, I saw something really shocking.

“So, Sakamoto, I’ll say this again. You promised nooooootttt to panic, so look around the room now. I can’t hold my desires in, sorry. Just joking♪”

“Huh? Desire?”

What do you mean? So I thought, but the message ended. Seriously, that idiot never gets down to writing the important parts. Eh, well, let’s just look around the room.

So,

Feeling confused, I was sure it was definitely something stupid, so I scanned the room. I was wondering if she did some meaningless prank...

“Suu suu...”

“Eh?”

But,

Reality greatly defied my expectations.

“Wh-what—!?”

I was left speechless by this sudden development. That’s to be expected, it’s—
—it’s way beyond my expectations.

Stunned, I looked around the room, and at the floor.

Over there was—

“A-a girl!?”

“Nnn...suu.”

...Right.

There was a futon laid out on the floor of my room.

And there was a young girl, one I did not know of, sleeping soundly. Not just a girl, she’s clearly very young, an elementary school girl—

(Wait, wait. This is—)

I recalled the content of the note.

I can’t hold my desires in, sorry.

All the terms were swirling around in my mind.

Abduction. Criminal. Child porn. Selling virginity. Comfort relationships.
Lolicon.

LoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLoliconLolicon.

Hi-Hikari Yumesaki. Did you finally cross the line that’s not to be crossed—

While wondering.

“Wargh!?”

What’s going on? I was all dazed by this sudden turn of events.

Before I knew it, I stood up from my bed without a second thought, lost my balance, and tumbled over. Uh oh—I wanted to regain my balance, but I could not steady my feet on the floor. I fell on the girl, and while I struggled, trying my best not to hurt her.

“Ow!”

“Hyahh!? Wh-what is this! Fuee!?”

...

The situation took a turn for the worst.

It was too sudden. I had my limbs supporting myself off the floor, spread apart so that they would not crush her.

And right beneath me was the girl who was sleeping defenselessly, her pajamas all messy, and she woke up due to the shock.

At this moment, she probably misunderstood something.

And even in this darkness, I could see the face of the girl pale.

N-no—wait, this, erm, it’s definitely not what you think.

“...Y.”

“Wait! Wait waitwait! No, this is a misunderstanding!”

“...Yy.”

“It’s real! I wasn’t planning to attack you...I just couldn’t help it!”

“.....Yyy!”

“I’m being serious here! I have a scary face, but I really am a wimp! I’m the virgin who always tries to recall the feeling of touching a girl’s hand, even if it’s out of coincidence, and enjoy myself! It’s definitely not—”

Eh? It’s causing the opposite effect?

In any case, resistance was futile. The girl’s face paled, her breathing heavy as she widened her eyes, and she opened her mouth wide, yelling—

“YYAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!! A-a rapist!!”

Ah damn it! It’s too late after all.

The girl's face was filled with fear, and she just yelled that out loud.

Also, she—

“Guahh!?”

...I took the full brunt of the girl's hit.

She aimed at the important part of every single boy. The impact caused me to stop breathing.

Ugh...uooohh...it's super effective...

“Wh-what happened!? That scream was...eh, brother!?”

The last thing I saw was my little sister opening the door and storming into the room.

After that, my consciousness slowly faded away, and it got dragged into the dark abyss along with my collapsed body.

“Brother! Don't die! B-brother—!!”

I thought of Yukiko's screams as a requiem.

And so, I lost consciousness.

“Yippee!! This lolilolita Princess is so cute—! Come on, shout along too, Sakamoto!! Lolilolita Princesses are awesome!!”

“Damn it...way too little information in this journal entry.”

Some time later.,

I finally regained consciousness, changed my clothes lazily, and grumbled as I opened the exchange journal. All I saw was just some completely unnecessary nonsense. Damn it, I won't be able to figure out what's going on now.

So I had to call Yukiko into my room, and ask her what happened. She would have been suspicious, so I just bluffed my way out by saying, “Eh? I just got kicked, took a hard hit in the head, my memories...who's that?”

And I got an unexpected answer.

“Please pull yourself together, brother. She's our cousin Luna. You forgot about that?”

“Luna...eh!? Luna!?”

I was left dumbfounded.

Luna. This name made me recall something that happened when I was young.

I remembered the lone daughter of mom’s little sister, this cousin Yukiko spoke of. She should be three years younger than Yukiko, probably in fourth grade. It had been five years since we met...eh? She’s Rina? It’s been a long time since we met.

“But doesn’t she live far away from us? It’s not a double holiday, so why—”

“You forgot way too much here! It’s because of aunt’s work recently that she moved to a place near us! Mom just mentioned it, right?”

Yukiko answered.

Is that so? Couldn’t remember. Eh, yeah.

But why’s she living in our house? And anyway, why’s she in my room?

“Seriously, how much did you forget!? That’s—”

But.

Yukiko did not continue on.

Why, you ask? Because that girl showed up.

With much vigor, Luna opened the door of the room Yukiko and I were in.

“Don’t get cocky! I wouldn’t have come to such a place if not for papa and mama quarrelling! Don’t make me repeat that kind of personal thing many times, you—goody-goody!”

“—Eh?”

So she finally changed out of her clothes.

This arrogant one yelling away is the one we’re talking about, the fourth grader Rina.

The white tender skin befitting her age was speckless.

Her body’s petite, and she can’t be considered a woman—but she’s cute. The dress, resembling an evening gown, emphasizes that she’s a girl despite all this.

And what's the most eye-catching was the haughty, noble and cute face. The large eyes were giving off the charms unique to a girl, and anyone looking into those eyes could feel happiness. The long, narrow eyebrows, the tall bridge of the nose, everything about her was basically saying that she was a pretty girl.

And this elementary school girl, Luna, whom one will pine much hopes on her, was standing there cross-legged as she looked down at me like a king. Well well...she's really all grown up now before I knew it. The Luna I knew of in my memories was so little.

"That's how it is, brother. You should know that uncle and aunt always argue."

Eh, let's leave the feeling aside.

I remembered about Luna's parents after Yukiko mentioned them. Oh, speaking of which, mom did seem to be complaining about them arguing lots of times.

It's all because, while Luna's parents were a stupid lovey-dovey pair, they would always have a specific moment when they would quarrel like no tomorrow. Since both of them are lawyers, I guess that might also be a reason why they can't stop quarrelling.

Once that happens, the relatives, led by our parents, would have to act as peacemakers. It'll drag on for quite a while, so during this time, the nearby relatives would take Luna in. I see, so once they moved to this area, the nearest relatives would be us. Goodness gracious. It's common, but really troublesome...they always give us lots of New Year money though, so I don't really hate them for this.

"I see. So you're going to school from our house here."

"Right, don't make me repeat myself again. But I never thought you would attack me while I was asleep, you 'goody-goody'."

"No, I wasn't attacking you—...eh?"

An uppity look.

She gave me a blaming look, like a Princess raised in some rich family. Eh...

speaking of which, this kid's been always scared of strangers and was arrogant. The impression she gives was of a problematic rich kid who was pampered and stubborn. She was clearly showing no interest in her cousin.

No, more importantly.

"What's 'goody-goody'?"

"Brother, come here."

But.

While I raised this question, Yukiko pulled me to a corner of the room for some reason.

And then, she whispered into my ear.

"(Seriously, how much have you forgotten already!? Luna's the type of kid to 'say whatever's opposite of her mind'. She's always been like that. You forgot about that?"

"(Eh? Ahh—now that you mention that)."

Once I heard Yukiko's words, I recalled the past again.

Right. Luna's definitely the weird type of kid to say one thing and act the other.

I didn't know why she started to do this, and the first time we met, she probably wasn't like this...she changed by the time we noticed it. Our aunt never paid much attention to it, just saying that she'll change slowly, but clearly she hasn't changed, right?

"What are you whispering about? How 'enjoyable' too! You 'Riajuu siblings'!"

"What!? Wh-what do you know? When you always like to sing the other tune, kid!"

Well, sorta like that.

While Yukiko and I were whispering to each other, the lines she said got really ridiculous. Well, the antonym of enjoyable is unpleasant, and the opposite of Riajuu is...hahaha. It really hurts my heart that I can't say anything about it.

"Uuuggghhh...I'm the older sister here. I can't get angry over such a thing—"

“Anyway, is breakfast done yet? Mind getting it done sooner? ‘Big breasts’!?”

“Argh! Can’t forgive you after all! You’re flat too aren’t you!?”

So, that’s how it is.

Eh, of course, I guess. Yukiko’s a weirdo too, somewhat, and they get along like oil and water. These two eccentric girls are yapping away like cats. Enough already, Yukiko, comparing boob sizes of a middle schooler and an elementary school kid is depressing. There should be some who like them small.

“Anyway, I hope that I can be treated well here, big sister ‘who really hates her brother’.”

“NnnnnnnAAAARRRRRRRGGGHHHH...! What are you saying!? I-I’m not—”

And that’s the kind of vibe they had after that.

Whenever they spoke, one was arrogant, and the other was frowning, so I could only sigh. Well, that escalated quickly. I don’t really care about Luna’s stubbornness, and even if she does look down on me, there’s nothing to be bothered by; I just need to think of her as a problem child. However,

(What will Hikari Yumesaki do...)

I recalled the continuation written in that journal.

“Really looking forward to the future♪! I can do this and that to an arrogant loliloli elementary kid...fufufufufufufu♥”

That was written. Uugh, this definitely isn’t a good sign.

Even though I was anxious, I couldn’t do anything. As I had expected, this uneasiness struck me in reality.

The incident came quickly, two days later.

First, this happened.

“You’re ‘the best’!”

“Huh?”

On that morning, I woke up a little later than usual.

I came to the living room, wanting some breakfast before heading to school,

when Luna said those words to me,

“I ‘have a good opinion of you now’! I didn’t think you will ‘make me happy’!
Please ‘live a little longer’!”

“Hmmm...”

Luna said that in a huff, picked up her backpack, and stormed out of the house.

Eh, the best means the worst. A good opinion of you now means a bad opinion. Make me happy is...

...She’s an annoying one.

“What did you do, Hikari Yumesaki?”

I had an ominous feeling, but I had to check.

I returned to my room, grumbling away as I opened my journal. Maybe she might have written some apology related to this, in a joking manner,

“Hm, Luna doesn’t seem to be feeling happy today. Why’s that?”

“Eh? You don’t know either?”

But that was written in the journal.

Hm? She was not the reason?

“That’s weird. That kind of arrogance is cute in its own way...but why is she angry?”

“Hm, why indeed?”

“That’s really weird. I didn’t do anything...”

“Yep, it’s really weird.”

“Um um~, I really have no idea~~~”

“Now then, why is that?”

“What to do? I really never thought of it. Luna just so happened to see me bury my face into her pillow “Teehee! The innocent scent of a loli elementary school girl hehehehee!!” ...”

“That’s 100% the reason! Nothing else!”

Why did she think it was fine even though she was seen!

So because of this, I apologized to Luna with all my might, finally getting her forgiveness.

Though the price was that I gained the name ‘MILF lover’.

Goodness...

Another incident happened two days later.

“Ah, this is fine too, Misaki. Bondage and spanking play—”

“This sounds good too Sanada-senpai. Naked abandonment play and mental SM—”

(THAT IDIOTTTTTTTTT!! AGAIN WITH THE UNNECESSARY STUFF!!)

On that day.

After classes ended, I returned from school, and returned to my room. I was kneeling before Kasumi and Misaki, dripping in cold sweat.

So this happened.

Two days ago, I emphasized in the journal ‘smelling an elementary school kid is forbidden!’, and Hikari Yumesaki did somewhat reflect over her actions.

“I’m sorry, Sakamoto. I never thought I couldn’t smell an elementary school girl...so in apology, I’ll bring you happiness since you have no luck with women, and filled with tragedies in life! Look forward to it!”

So this morning, the journal contained words that either seemed to be apologizing, or having a dig at me.

What was she getting at now? So I thought, but I didn’t care as I wouldn’t know anyway, so the entire day passed. After school though, something terrifying happened. Kasumi and Misaki suddenly came to my house.

I heard that yesterday, Hikari Yumesaki told them separately,

“Sorry to trouble you. I’m suffering a little here...can you come console me?”

So, I didn't know what they misunderstood.

But they both had makeup on.

One had her cleavage open. One had a wonderful miniskirt on.

So both of them just so happened to meet each other at the entrance of the Sakamotos' house. Then they seemed to have realized everything. So they said to me, while my mind was completely blank.

"Ahh, so that's how it is."

"Senpai. That's impressive."

They nodded away as they said that, and the love★purgatory was complete.

So after that, I was kneeling on the floor, while both of them were researching on how to execute me through the internet. Seriously, look what you've done, Hikari Yumesaki! You could have realized it if you thought about it!

But even if I tried to argue, it was too late. They had both agreed on a 'double electric massage', and I was shivering in fear—

At that moment.

"Hey, 'MILF lover'! I'm hungry! Are there any sweets at home?"

"Eh? Ah, Luna!"

Luna returned after school, and slammed the door aside with fury. Again, she was staring at me with the arrogant, condescending eyes.

"M-MILF...!?"

"Senpai? This girl is..."

"Eh? Ah, no! She's—"

This kid's my cousin, a weird kid who loves to say the opposite of what she's thinking—so I intended to explain. But Luna started introducing herself before I could, and with the usual troublesome words.

"Hello, I'm Luna. I have 'no blood relation' with this man, but we are on 'loving terms', and we've been having 'love talk' over the past two days."

"Huh—!?"

“Wha—Sa-Sakamoto, what is going on!?”

“No no wait waitwait! You’re mistaken! That’s not it!”

I saw that Kasumi and Misaki’s eyes darkened, and immediately shouted in a panic. No, that’s not it, what she meant was that though we’re blood related, we’re on really bad terms, already quarrelling—

But—

I had no room to butt in, as Luna again said,

“I really ‘do like’ this guy, you know? Yesterday, he said to me so many times,

**“Luna! Come shower with this big brother here! Uhehehehehehehe
ROFLCOPTER!”**

so I ‘agreed to shower with him’, because I really ‘like him’!”

“Luna, please! Just shut up for once!?”

But it was already too late.

After Luna created such a ruckus, she left the room. I was left in the room, facing the two demons. They were giving off black aura as they stood up. And then,

“Sanada-senpai. Bondage, spank his ass, leave him naked, SM, electric massage, which one do you prefer?”

“Full course.”

“I guess.”

“No, wait—ARRGGGHHH!?”

—On that day.

It was midnight when I was finally released.

Uu...I can’t get married now, damn it.

And on another day,

“I want to get her into cosplay.”

“What are you saying?”

So it was written in the journal.

“I want to have Luna cosplay as a shameless witch.”

“That’s impossible.”

“So I went online and bought a whole bunch of stuff, but you can’t blame Hikari here.”

“Of course I’m blaming you!!! Think of the big box that’s put there!!!”

“This costume covers the least amount of area possible. That’ll definitely make Luna an angel.”

“Let’s see...no nono. She’s going to be completely naked.”

That’s way lewder than a swimsuit.

“Even if it’s impossible, I want to make her cosplay. I don’t care if I get arrested.”

“Like hell I’ll allow that! Don’t do it! This isn’t a joke!”

But following that was a ridiculous instruction, **“So, Sakamoto, before Hikari commits a crime, try to get Luna dressed as a lewd witch!”**

And she added an illustration of me drooling while holding a camera and snapping away at Luna. Ah damn it, it’s troublesome...but it’ll be even more troublesome if I don’t do it.

“Guess I got to think of a plan.”

And so,

As declared, this smart me came up with a plan.

Starting off, I had this cosplay costume (which is really erotic...this is illegal, isn’t it?) placed in an obvious spot in the living room.

Then, I stuck a note by the side.

“You can be a popular one in real life! Become a witch and be reborn as a super idol

☆”

So when she sees this, Luna will be moved enough to put this on, and I’ll be

able to get some photos. So that was my plan.

To be honest, only a pitiful, super lonely idiot will fall for this trick. Since it's an elementary school girl we're dealing with here, I guess she should be at the age where she desires attention. This much should be enough to bluff an elementary school kid.

So, on that day, after school.

I quickly hurried home, laid out everything, and hid in a blind spot of the kitchen. Of course, I was holding a digital camera in one hand, concealing my presence.

And so, after waiting for a few minutes—

(Oh, she's back now?)

I could hear the door open from the corridor, and sensed someone returning. It seemed that my target Luna had returned.

I couldn't see her as I had hidden myself. Determining how she had entered the living room, and also stopped—

(Oh, this sound. Is she changing clothes now?)

And.

Luna was probably changing clothes in the living room. I could hear the ruffling sound from there. Good good, looks like things are proceeding smoothly. Just need to time the opportune moment and take a photo.

(Right, she should be done. Here I go!)

And so,

I timed for the ripe moment, and made up my mind, standing up.

With camera in one hand, I summoned my courage, starting a charge to take a photo of Luna in a witch dress.

For that picture of an elementary school witch—

“Hey, Luna! You're rather cute, aren't you! Admiring idols! Lemme have a photo—”

“Ueeeeeee!? B-brother!?”

.....

...Time stopped.

Yep, it stopped alright. An unexpected scene happened before me.

There was a witch there. In a lewd dress up too.

But that was definitely not Luna. Not even close to an elementary school kid.

That was my little sister, Yukiko.

At that moment, I understood the sadness that came with wearing a costume befitting an elementary school kid so perfectly. I thought a lonely idiot would fall for such a prank, and it turned out to be my little sister. That little sister of mine was making a cute idol pose ♥ at the mirror, and was frozen there.

Erm, Miss Yukiko? This—

“...Is ‘amazing’.”

“Huh!?”

At that moment,

How cruel fate was as it arrived at this unequivocally tragic space.

Appearing before us and splitting us was none other than the pretty elementary school girl—Luna.

What exactly was shown in her eyes? Yukiko, excitedly dressed as an exhibitionist witch, or me, holding a camera in one hand and standing before her? Anyway, there was one thing I understood. That escalated quickly.

“No Luna. There’s obviously a reason for this—”

“Yeah, I know. I understand everything.”

She said,

And then, with the condescending look of one staring down at garbage, she said,

“I see that you really are a ‘good’, ‘amazing’ pair of siblings. Please ‘remain close’ to me!!”

—Bamf!

And then,

Luna shouted, and left the room. The ones left behind were us two idiots. Yep. No need to think too deep into it.

Our dignity as siblings was already shattered completely.

Damn it...

And one day,

“I thought of something that can effectively make use of Luna’s habit to say the opposite.”

“Okay.”

Those words were written in the journal on that day.

“If we can go along with her faults, I think Luna’s personality is wonderful.”

Go along with her faults?

“In other words, approach her while thinking that you’ll be hated, and she’ll say something like “I like you! I really like! Please come close to me!” This feels good too!”

“Look at the ridiculous price of your actions!”

So that’s the reason why she was exceptionally unhappy!

Well, leaving that aside.

Luna’s always like that, but there was really something I didn’t get.

“I’m going to sleep. If you dare attack me, I’ll ‘welcome you with love’!”

“Yes yes.”

On that night.

The one saying such inflammatory, delusional words was obviously Luna. She snuggled into the futon next to my bed as she yelled this. Once I heard this, I said out the one thing that had been on my mind the entire time.

“Hey Luna. Why do you always sleep in my room?”

“—!”

Right. That was what I was curious about. Ever since the first day—

No matter how arrogant this kid was, how she hated me, she kept insisting to sleep in my room. It really didn't mesh with this kid's personality, so I tried asking her—

“...”

“Luna?”

For some reason, she looked really lonely. And then,

“This is ‘something important’, ‘related to you’, ‘think about it’.”

“...Eh? Ah, okay.”

She said these words, being as arrogant as ever.

Well, she's probably saying that it doesn't matter, I guess. Those words just now seem strange though. Argh seriously, I don't get it. This kid's really troublesome!

“Please switch off the lights. I told you many times that I really want you to ‘attack me’, ‘that I really hope that you'll violate me’.”

“...Okaaaayyy.”

But I still couldn't figure out the truth. Luna ended the conversation just like that. Seriously, that was questionable from her, and my heart just skipped a beat—no nono, am I not thinking the same as Hikari Yumesaki here?

“Good night. See you tomorrow.”

I said goodnight to the strange girl, and switched the lights off. This kid's really strange. Eh, but I have strange girls around me, so I can't say much about that.

Thinking about this, I followed Luna into dreamland.

However, this life of mine changed two days later.

“Sakamoto! Please allow me to report to you on Sexy Dream's team!”

“Go ahead...”

That day, Mohawk, who became my lackey due to various reasons, came to

my room.

As for what he's reporting, it seemed he was ordered by Hikari Yumesaki to contribute to society in the name of Sexy Dream or something. Sometimes he would drop by and report. Anyway, you aren't a hoodlum anymore, Mohawk. You're a good guy.

"First, about what happened last Monday, I found a lost girl—"

So Mohawk's report for the day began.

But,

I never thought that would be the cause.

"What's going on here!?"

"Eh?"

Bamf—!

Luna suddenly slammed the door open, and stood before us. Eh? What's wrong? Why's she so agitated...

"You-you're Sexy Dream!?"

"Eh? Me?"

So I replied.

Hm? What? This kid knows about Sexy Dream?

But Luna ignored this stunned me, as her face becomes increasingly red. I was wondering what she was thinking, but at the next moment,

"Great! Thanks to back then...I really 'love' Sexy Dream!"

"Wha—hey, Luna!? Ow owow!! Stop pulling me!"

Luna suddenly threw a tantrum, and it left me all the more confused.

Hey, wh-what's going on!

"As expected', you're that kind of person! Let's 'talk this through' starting now!"

However,

Luna never went into detail on why she became like this, and she was on the verge of tears, storming out without saying a word. Only Mohawk and this stunned me were left in the room. We merely exchanged wordless looks.

“Wh-what’s going on...?”

But that doubt was solved in an instant.

Two days later.

“Ahh, I guess it’s this kid after all.”

I was in the room of a friend, one of my rare few, whose house was a little far away from mine.

This cool guy before me, Kazeshiro muttered as he stared at the photo of Luna stored in my phone.

“So it has something to do with Sexy Dream?”

“Yeah, one of those who got dealt with by Sexy Dream.”

After I took the brunt of Luna’s sudden anger, I wrote in the journal.

“Luna seems to have a grudge against Sexy Dream...you got an idea?”

And to figure out why, Hikari Yumesaki had a sudden meeting with Kazeshiro. Whenever Hikari Yumesaki was acting as Sexy Dream, Kazeshiro was almost always with her.

At least they should know something.

“I forgot when exactly it was, but it happened recently. When I was going on a Sexy patrol with her, I saw this girl—Luna, arguing with a few other girls.”

Kazeshiro recalled,

Did he say something really crazy just now?

“Not something big, it’s just an argument between kids. It just seems like Luna, she was shouting at the other girls for some reason. Those girls were looking really scared. So at that moment, Hikari just butted in and went all

“Enough alright! Scold me if you want! This wretched Sexy Dream shall be as popular as ever! Wahaha, you dominatrix loli student!”

I tried imagining that scene.

A strange cosplaying high school boy saying such a disgusting line and appearing in front of a bunch of quarrelling elementary school kids.

Ugh, Hikari Yumesaki, look what you've done.

"And they stopped arguing. Eh, why does Luna hate Hikari?"

"Well, it seemed something really big happened afterwards."

"Eh?"

I took out a SD card from my pocket, and inserted it into Kazeshiro's computer. A video was played, showing Luna's elementary school that was a little far away from here.

"I had Yukiko stalk Luna. Then, I saw something I was concerned with."

"Something you're concerned with? ...Anyway, your little sister's really something."

You think so too? Why exactly did she hone those skills? Better not know why, see no evil, hear no evil.

"...! This is—"

"Yep. As you can see."

The crucial scene was aired.

That scene really left us heartbroken.

"Looks like that Luna—was ostracized by everyone else in school."

It wasn't bullying.

But in the video, Luna clearly didn't belong to any group, and was always alone. Thinking about it, Luna always headed home after school, and never played with her friends. That meant that she had no friends—

The video continued to play.

Her peers just looked at her from afar. Even though she tried to approach them, they merely waved her off, and it got awkward. No doubt it would leave Luna distraught.

“Ah, it’s those girls who got scolded by Luna.”

Kazeshiro said, pointing at the girls who created this heavy atmosphere.

Yep, I’m sure. That’s enough.

“So, Luna had her friends had some issues...and Hikari butted in and put all the blame on Luna, and had her ostracized by everyone else at school.”

“I guess. Her classmates had come to an agreement to leave the bad guy alone.”

It was a common squabble amongst kids.

Luna merely raised her voice in an outburst.

But Hikari Yumesaki showed up, feeling all heroic, and Luna became the bad guy, her friends using the chance to shun her. Eh, but well, even if Hikari Yumesaki never interfered, it might end up the same...well, the fact remained that Hikari Yumesaki gave them the opportunity.

Thinking back about it, Luna moved in recently, and she had that strange habit to say the opposite and act so arrogant.

All these factors combined to form this situation.

“Uuuuu...what to do what to do? Maybe it’s because of Hikari’s Sexy Patrol that Luna is suffering so much...in-in that case, let’s just reveal to the public that Sexy Dream is really me, and apologize—”

Yesterday’s me wrote in the journal.

While there was no actual proof yesterday, she might have realized that she was in the wrong. Besides the text, there was an illustration of Hikari Yumesaki in a confessional, with lots of spotlights and microphones shining down on her. She might appear to be fooling around, but looking at her slightly twisting words and the illustration, I’m guessing she did realize she was responsible. Well, no wonder, since she is a kind one, and hates to see others suffer. Also, since it involved her, it’s no wonder she was rattled. Anyway, what I wanted to say was that, don’t do this using my body. My life will end there and then.

“So, what are you going to do, Sakamoto?”

“Hm...what to do?”

Speechless, I sighed.

I could only murmur as I looked up at the cloudy sky.

“Sorry Luna. But I think it would end up like that given your attitude towards your friends, right”

“...Hmph.”

It was before bedtime. Luna remained grouchy, but she insisted to sleep by my side, which was strange, so I spoke to her. Obviously, no matter how I tried talking to her, Luna would arrogantly turn her head aside. Seriously, what am I supposed to do?

But right when I was about to sleep.

My groggy mind overheard a somewhat dazed voice.

“What Sexy Dream...”

“!”

Hm?

“You aren’t Sexy Dream. You ‘are cool’, but you’re—”

“...Luna?”

But,

Luna didn’t respond. All that came from the girl was the little sleeping sound.

What did she say? Did she dream something weird?

The opposite of that just now was, eh—ah? Seriously, this is troublesome.

But those words made me remember something. What is it? I seemed to have forgotten something very important...hm—no. Can’t remember.

But,

“...No good. Got to think of something.”

Once I heard that feeble, earnest voice, I could only will myself.

Luna’s arrogant, and stubborn.

Personally, she was not honest at all, always speaks in such a strange way, and the more I look at her, the more I find her to be an enigma. But after hearing what was said, there's no doubt she was disappointed in me. She must be disappointed about something.

And looking at it the other way around, I didn't know what was going on, but this kid already had some hopes for me. Surely that was the reason, since she kept sleeping by my side even though she was a strange one...there has to be a reason.

Though I didn't know the significance behind that.

But she did have some hopes for me.

"Let's think of something, Miss Sexy Dream."

In the darkness, I opened the journal, grumbling at that stupid partner of mine.

To that hero who was a little distraught, who faulted due to carelessness.

"Yo-you guys!!"

""""Eheheheh!!""""

Two days later.

This happened in the sunny evening.

"A-aren't you quite some nice little pu-puddings!! As-as silky smooth and bouncy as pudding!"

"Ahh...!" "Wh-what's with this man!??!" "Mama~!"

Now then, what was I doing on this day? The answer's simple.

For some ridiculous reason—I was scaring elementary school girls who were on the way home!

That's because, after I heard the sleep talk(?) of Luna, I went out to Kazeshiro's house in the middle of the night, woke him up, and organized an emergency meeting.

It's likely that Luna and the others had a quarrel because of her own stubbornness.

Luna was the bad one here because of Sexy Dream, and in the justice of justice, Luna's friends started to ostracize her. What could I do to resolve this?

After thinking about it over and over again...unfortunately, I couldn't think of anything!

But,

I told Kazeshiro about what I wanted to do for Luna. It seemed that was effective. "Anyway, I'll think about this again with Hikari," so Kazeshiro gave me an enthusiastic proposal.

And just yesterday.

It seemed Hikari Yumesaki and Kazeshiro had a strategic meeting. So—

"U, hihihhi! Le-let's have a—hm, erm, cute pudding party for kids tonight! Hyahaha!"

"Yaaahh! Someone save me!"

For some reason, the role assigned to me was to threaten the three girls who ostracized Luna in an alley of few people. Luna was being all lethargic behind them as she walked over. Obviously, the trio was terrified, and unable to say anything, while Luna's mouth remained wide open. Ugh...don't give me that look. I just thought of that line yesterday...and there's a reason why I'm scaring kids here.

It's about time now—

"Stop it! Enough already!"

At this moment.

(Oh, they're here—?)

I could hear this shout from behind. "Huh!?" So I continued to act as the baddie, and I turned around, seeing the two girls who should be standing there.

They're the sure-kill squad established by Hikari Yumesaki to help Luna out—

"You baddie! You bully the weak. Let us...eh, the S-Sexy Dream Team deal with you!"

"Wha—S-Sexy Dream Team!?"

The line I said was so fake. It's no wonder though. The scene before me left me a little terrified.

Standing side by side were the Sexy Dream pair, the helpers Hikari Yumesaki roped in to help, Kasumi and Misaki. However, they're different from usual, because they're the Sexy Dream Team today!

First, there's the busty girl with braids calling herself "S-Sexy Orange!" That's probably Kasumi. She's trying to cover it with the Papillon mask, but the beetroot face clearly showed how ashamed she was.

And the one showing her pretty legs under the miniskirt was probably Misaki. "S-Sexy Pink!" so she introduced herself, covering her own ashamed face with the Papillon mask. Anyway, both of them are dressed in very revealing hero cosplay, so much that I'm wondering whether I should call them lewd or embarrassing. Right, leaving that aside, everyone knows what's going on, right? It's the full scale of Hikari Yumesaki's plan.

"T-take this, Sakamoto...th-the hooligan there! Sexy Punch!"

"En-enough with the resistance, sen...you pervert there! Sexy kick!"

Everyone went according to script.

Kasumi and Misaki punched and kicked me, and I was on the ground begging for mercy. They didn't hold back, just beating me up. It's basically—'Showing excessive justice to scare the kids in another way'.

"E-erm...it's time to stop—"

One of the kids spoke up timidly.

Yep. This was Hikari Yumesaki's objective.

These girls were standing on the side of justice, ostracizing the villain Luna. Once they saw this excessive show of justice, they might figure out that they were in the wrong. As expected, once they saw these heroes sink into darkness, they looked like they were about to cry. They're just kids after all; they're still scared of bad things.

Just to note, the reason why I'm chosen as the bad guy was because this was written in the diary

“Making full use of material” As for why she chose the both of them, **“This job suits Kasumi and Misaki really well!”**

. What kind of reason is that—so I thought, but it was proven in the worst possible manner.

“No, this is becoming interesting...! Ufufu, Sakamoto! Let’s give you a Sexy Turn...haahaaa!”

“Amazing, feels so good...! Senpai, this Misaki today is the Misaki Koudera you wish to see, right? HaaHaaa.”

“So, I say, you two, that’s about—ow! D-don’t aim for the buttcrack!? Stop! Stop rubbing!”

If they keep rubbing, it’s going to be bad!

But, ignoring the heroes who lost their minds, and this groaning me,

The final helper—Kazeshiro, slowly approached the army of elementary school girls.

“Listen up.”

““““!””””

Kazeshiro showed a rare kind smile, and kindly said to the girls,

“What it means to be a real hero, is to be able to forgive the baddies. Even if you never did wrong—using that to hurt others isn’t the right thing to do. Don’t you think so?”

““““ ...””””

Kazeshiro suddenly showed up, and then gave a lecture to the girls he met for the first time.

To be honest, normally the girls will go “Huh? Who are you?”. As to be expected of a handsome dude though, the girls’ eyes were filled with hearts, and they nodded, before approaching Luna.

“Oh.”

And so.

I, protecting my butt as I laid on the ground, saw—

Luna and the girls lowered their heads, and apologized to each other... seriously, I was wondering what would happen, but they're friends after all. Even after a quarrel, they could still make amends.

"This is good, Luna."

I was covered in dirt.

I looked really gaudy, unable to call myself a hero or anything.

But after seeing Luna's face ease up a little, I was relieved, and quietly heaved a sigh.

As I remained under the sky filled with the Spring breeze.

"Hi Boss! I got good news and bad news! Which one you want to hear?"

Two days later, I found this initial bit in the journal.

What's with the American drama-styled templet?

"First, the good news! Luna's completely revived here! She brought her friends home! Good work Sakamoto! As to be expected of you!"

"Ohh, really? That's great!"

I exclaimed in joy as I read the report from yesterday's me.

Once we got home, Luna thanked me a lot...not. "...Hmph." She remained so arrogant, and refusing. Anyway, it seemed personal relationship wise, she had changed completely for the better. Really great.

And the bad news?

"Then the bad news...I never thought I would see such a large group of kids, and got excited...so I gave them all a large pudding fest. Sorry♥."

"Oi, hold on...what did you do?"

What's going on? What did you do?

I didn't know what's going on. That's making me more uneasy! What's going on!?

"I'm really sorry. This isn't a joke. I'm really apologizing here."

Why write that all of a sudden!? This is way too weird! What kind of festival did you do!?

As it was too sudden, I got panicky.

But what followed left me stunned.

“But well, it’s really great. She wasn’t bullied, so to say...but she didn’t want to be left alone either. Hikari once had such a thing happen to her before, so Hikari understands very well. Luna here is lucky, because in pain, there is someone who will reach out to her, unconditionally.”

“ ... ”

Looking at those words, I recalled the past.

Right, Hikari Yumesaki did encounter this before. Not only her, Kazeshiro too. That guy’s so enthusiastic, willing to help me...I guess he had something on his mind too. Thinking about it, I guess there’s a point to getting myself all covered in dirt and kicked. They didn’t get a hero to reach out to them. So—

“So thank you, Sakamoto! Now Hikari can vanish without any regrets now☆. Only a few months left, and I’ll be in your care until the very end!”

“ ... ”

So the journal entry ended, and I was increasingly saddened.

Yes, soon, Hikari Yumesaki would vanish.

She and I shared the same body, but the amount of time she would show up was decreasing. There was only one solution, that either Hikari Yumesaki or I had to vanish, and there wasn’t much time left. After much negotiation, we had a conclusion that Hikari Yumesaki would disappear...

But,

“...I’m not letting you vanish.”

It’s fine. It’s fine.

444 days since the body swap—three months later, one of us had to vanish.

But Hikari Yumesaki didn’t know that 444 days was a lie I made up.

It's not 444 days, but 365 days.

I shut up Hayato already. Nobody else knew, and if I could pretend not to know anything...I could let Hikari Yumesaki live, while I vanish. If this keeps up—
“...Eh!”

For some reason, tears were about to well up, so I looked up and sighed.

Whatever. I made up my mind. There's no need to reconsider.

“Right, more importantly, better send her off.”

I said to myself, and closed the journal. I left my room, and went to the corridor. Eh, why, you ask? There's probably only one person I would send off at this point.

On this day,

Luna's— finally about to head home.

“It's been a short time, but I've been in your care. It's been 'boring'!”

“Right right. Better be careful when you head off.”

It was a holiday, but my parents had to work, so sending her off were Yukiko and me. I wanted to send her off to the station. “I'm not an 'adult'!” But she angrily rejected me. Right, you're not an adult, I get it.

But the next moment.

When I raised my hand, wanting to say goodbye to her.

Luna suddenly turned her head around.

“Erm...y-you were so 'uncool' back then!”

“Heh?”

And then,

Luna showed a cute little smile I had never seen over the past few days.

“I feel that...I might really 'hate you' from the bottom of my heart!”

“—Wha”

Once I heard these words, I was at a loss of words. Seriously, kids,

disappointed one moment, angry at another, and beaming away. She's really like Hikari Yumesaki. Seriously—

“Then, big sister, take care now. Starting today, we're rivals who 'hate' big brother now, so please take care of me.”

“Ugh!? Wh-what are you saying!?”

So Luna left.

She was so arrogant until the very end—but her cheeks were red.

She went straight down the road leading to the distant blue sky.

That night, I had a dream.

A dream when I was younger. I dreamed this little me, and the smaller Luna.

Ah, I remembered. Right, I used to sleep with Luna.

Because she's so cute.

This kid's adorably cute.

She was a little unwilling, so I told her, “If you sleep with me, I'll help you out whenever you're in trouble. Because I'm the hero Autumn Moon!” so we slept together.

But whenever I tried to act cool before Luna, I always failed.

That ugly state was so different from being a hero.

She said I was so uncool, so uncool. Her mom couldn't bear to watch anymore, and was unnecessarily worried, so she told Luna, “If you find him uncool, say that he's cool”. I never thought that would trigger the strange speech pattern of Luna.

And again, she called me uncool.

For this little girl who had been seeking help the entire time.

I finally became the hero in her memories.

CUT 4 – Tomorrow I will die, you will revive

I once hated him.

Really, really, really hated him.

I hated him so much that I ended up thinking about it.

I once—hated him.

As I was growing up, it was clear that my body was different to other kids of my age.

I was born with Cerebral Palsy.

This disease brought great discomfort in the form of a slow body, and a pair of legs that were sticks, unable to move.'

However, back then, I was not uneasy about my life in any way.

"Chiaki, how are you? Can you eat your breakfast?"

"Yes, I'm hungry!"

Back then, my parents were very kind to me. Thinking back about it, they really doted on me.

My sister, three years older than me, kept picking on me as she was jealous, but I guess it's a hyperbole to say this. Even I realized that I grew up in this environment worthy of envy.

"Let's play, Chiakin."

"Be right there!"

And back then, I did have friends.

I played with the neighboring girls who were of the same age as me. They always came over, and would push me out on the wheelchair. I was a kid who could really smile back then.

But—

"Hey! We're going to play soccer. Go elsewhere!"

“Wah! It’s Hayato!”

“What! We’re here first!”

“You should be the one going elsewhere, Hayato!”

There’s just one person.

The one boy I could never bring myself to like.

“Shut up! I’m going to be a pro soccer player in the future! Scram!”

Hayato Hyuuga.

My nemesis.

He’s a childhood playmate of mine, living nearby.

He’s a shorty, a loudmouth, and extremely arrogant.

He, acting like lord over the kids, was really hated by our group of girls.

Of course, since he’s so arrogant, haughty, and does whatever he wants. Later on, he became the target of admiration for many girls, but back in elementary school, we didn’t know anything about romance, and always squabbled over such minor things.

I was always the one whom he directed his bullying at.

“Hmph! This is what I’ll do if you don’t do as I say!”

“Woah! S-stop!”

Kids are cruel.

He kicked my wheelchair hard, spun it around, and had me fall over. Since I was unable to move, I was perfect picking for him, a brat who could not empathize with others.

“You’re terrible, Hayato! Apologize!”

“Chiaki’s ill here!”

“Teehee! If your regret it, come after me!”

So—

I was always left behind as everyone gave chase after him. My friends were

always huffing away, never able to catch Hayato, because he was always so athletic since young.

“Hey! Stripe blue!”

“Yucks! Go die already!”

“Uuu...someone please pull me up already...”

I could only hear the screams of my friends far away, and was always left behind sobbing away along with the wheelchair lying by my side. My friends were all taken from Hayato, and on this day, he just announcement the color of my underwear.

(I won't...ever forgive him!)

I swore as I watched the tears fall.

I really—really hated him.

Our relationship changed during the 3rd grade of elementary school.

“Tsukimura, are you able to come to school today? I’m going to help make up for the time you were hospitalized.”

“Yes, understood.”

This wheelchair-bound girl was nine years old.

And there was no one else she could call a friend.

I vented my frustrations, all for stupid reasons. Due to discomfort, I was hospitalized for a long time, threw tantrums at my family, and even my friends for not visiting me. I returned to school after a long time, and found that there was no room for me to fit in.

“Tsukimura, eh...a change of topic. Are you getting along well with your friends?”

“Please do not worry, teacher, I am fine.”

I guess it was around this time that I started to use formal language.

Not only to the teachers, but to my family, friends, classmates.

This was my form of protest to this lonely reality I was in. It was an act of

arrogance to my worried teacher as I lived alone.

However—

“Alrighty ♪sure is tiring to stay behind and study~”

(...Ack)

But there was this one person.

The one person I could never use formal language to.

It was on a certain day, after school. I was alone in the classroom—waiting for the teacher to drop by.

“Oh, so you’re one of the idiots too, Chiaki?”

“Don’t group me with you. Also, didn’t I say not to call me by my name?”

He entered the classroom, and once I met him in the eyes, we started to bicker.

Hayato Hyuuga.

The one person on this world I really hated, and as he’s the dumbest guy on this world, he ended up having supplementary lessons with me.

Even after entering 3rd grade, he did not change much.

He could never shut up, always yapped away, running around.

His diminutive body and loud mouth made him annoying to the girls, and he liked to flip skirts, like before.

But there was one thing.

Just one thing that was different.

“Hey Chiaki, can I go to your house today? Let’s play.”

“No way. Why do I have to let you into my house?”

For some reason—

Ever since then, he’s been clingy towards me.

I guessed it’s because I didn’t have any friends—maybe not. He did not seem to be the type who would overthink such things, and would simply act out of his

own innocence.

Maybe I might be thinking too much...but thinking back about it, he probably thought of me as a girl. Maybe I was really thinking too much.

“Just a short while? Okie? I’ll treat you to something.”

“No means no. Don’t talk to me.”

Back then, I was always rejecting others, and so I answered him coldly.

For I already swore.

For all I experienced when I was younger, for all the memories I regretted over, for all the tears I shed after falling over.

That no matter what, I would never forgive him.

But my resolve was easily overcome.

“Ack, this is boring. Anyway, isn’t your skirt too long, Chiaki? Shouldn’t it be a little shorter?”

“If only there isn’t a pervert around. And stop calling me by my name.”

“Chichin♥”

“...That’s disgusting.

“Teehee, you can call me by my name, you know?”

“Don’t wanna.”

Our conversation was pretty boring.

But then, he suddenly said something.

“Your legs aren’t healed?”

“—Eh?”

These sudden words from him took me off guard.

He seemed lonely, sad, remorseful.

The usual grinning face disappeared. Replacing it was an expression and voice I heard for the first time.

And it was probably due to this sudden change that I panicked, and

stubbornly said,

“I-It won’t get healed. I can only remain on this wheelchair forever, unable to move.”

The cold voice from me was spiteful.

After saying that, I regretted it.

“...Sorry.”

“Wha—”

He cried as he apologized.

He said with sadness, his eyes filled with tears. I immediately understood that he was apologizing for what he did when we were younger. I thought he had forgotten about it, and that he never thought much about it. That was what I thought.

“...It’s fine. I’m not angry at all.”

(—eh?)

Once I said that, I questioned myself.

What happened to my resolve?

What happened to my regrets?

Was I not fuming when I swore that I would never forgive me?

But all of these seemed so insignificant compared to what happened before me. I never thought that there would be someone crying for my sake.

That taught me something—that being alone is a sad thing.

“...Okay.”

Eh?”

“...You can come over to my house today.”

“! Really!?”

I could not help but wonder if he was shedding crocodile tears.

And he regained his usual smile. “Alright, then let’s get going. Let’s skip

classes.” He said as he wheeled me out of the classroom.

“Hey, stop! We can’t skip classes!”

I protested, but he ignored me.

“It’s fine, it’s fine! We should do whatever we like in life!”

He said, and had no intention to stop. Seeing him like this, and watching him wheel me home, I was dumbfounded.

However—

I was strangely moved in a way I never felt before.

“...”

We were on our way home, and he was pushing me back.

I remembered it was in the beginning of Summer.

The sky above us was blue and vast.

His back covering the sky, his diminutive body was larger than ever.

(This is...)

The smiling face of this boy, baring his teeth, seemed to have moved me.

A soft sound kept messing with my heartbeat.

It was much later that I realized what this feeling was.

“Seriously, you’re an idiot, Hayato.”

“Aha, but I am born like this, Chiaki.”

This.

Was the long awaited reunion between Hayato and me.

Our relationship after that was not particularly good.

We continued to maintain our relationship as ordinary classmates.

We would stay behind for remedials.

And I would teach Hayato, since he was bad at studying.

But after a certain unexpected conversation, Hayato turned out to be better

than me at studies, and he was the one teaching me instead.

We would spend our recess together, go to school together, and return home together.

Also...we would enter each other's house, and go out together during the holidays.

It was just a plain, ordinary relationship.

We were not really on good terms, just called friends.

Thinking back about this.

Why—

Why did I assume it was an ordinary relationship?

“Are you dating Hayato, Tsukimura?”

“Eh?”

It was less a month after I entered middle school.

I did not have any friends, and could not get along well with the class. On a certain day after school, a classmate from another school spoke to me. She's an outstanding beautiful, and seemed proud. I could describe her as the leader of the class.

Dating? Me? Hayato?

“No we aren't.”

“No way. Hayato just bragged that he went to the aquarium with you last Sunday, Tsukimura—”

“So what?”

“What—th-that means that you are dating, right?”

“Dating?”

Then—

I finally realized it. No, I had to.

Before I realized it, I found all the girls in the class eavesdropping upon our

conversation. Looking at the atmosphere.

“Hey Chiakin, let’s go home together♪”

“Ah.”

Appearing right at this moment was Hayato, not anyone else (?).

Before I knew it, he was taller than I was, and had a manly vibe to his appearance; he was a boy with a particularly trendy hairstyle. That smiling face, teeth bared, resulted in an indescribable calming feeling up my heart.

And the forceful girl from before lowered her blushing face.

All the girls got slightly nervous.

That atmosphere, that situation.

Finally, I realized.

“Hayato.”

“Yes?”

“You are—pretty handsome after all.”

“...Chiakin, did you hit your head or something?”

Sure didn’t need his reminder.

I felt that I was smacked head on the head.

After that incident, my Middle School life turned rough.

As I had said, I was not used to interacting with people. Somehow I ended up occupying the most popular boy in the year. I caused this situation without realizing it, and of course, my classmates felt that it was unfair.

So—

Though it was not full-on bullying, when I was in Middle School, I was attacked in ways close to it.

(...Again).

On a certain day, after school.

I had returned from the toilet, and found my table littered with rubbish.

It was likely that they did not dare do anything to this disabled me. However, I was psychologically abused, harassed like this every day, shunned, coldly treated. I sighed, and picked the trash from my table.

But—

Back then, I did not pay particular heed to my circumstances.

For it was because—

“Yo Chiaki! Wanna drop by the bookstore today after school?”

“Ah, Hayato. Sure, I have some books to buy.”

The usual voice came at the usual time.

Showing up with vigor was my childhood friend Hayato. Naturally, he grabbed my wheelchair and moved me forward, “Go! Go! Go!”

This scene—

This situation—

“Why...always Tsukimura.”

“How nice...”

(...Well, it’s not my fault.)

Again, I realized Hayato’s popularity.

To be honest, back then, I was filled with a tremendous sense of superiority. Even though I was bullied more or less, I could have Hayato all to myself. Thinking about it, the bullying was just an expression of envy and jealousy. It’s not an appropriate way to describe this...but they’re the evil stepmother and stepsister, while I’m the Cinderella.

However—

“The Prince...huh...?”

“Hm? What did you say, Chiaki?”

“Nothing.” I answered as I went back into my thoughts.

If I’m Cinderella, Hayato’s the Prince. I recalled the words when I first enrolled,

“Are you dating Hayato, Tsukimura?”

(...What is our relationship here?)

We were at the traffic lights,

I turned my head around, and lifted it towards the boy with his back facing the sun.

Looking at him, I found that he did have a cute appearance. A refreshing looking face, adorable, mesmerising smile. He was lively, and kind, and struck at my maternal instincts.

But—

(We don’t have that sort of relationship.)

At least, I could still—

I could still say that confidently.

This was not love. I was not in love.

He was kind to me, but it might be too intimate to call it love. Most importantly, I don’t understand romance at all. Even when I thought about him, I could only muster the image of his immature, impish self. He was arrogant, haughty, impetuous, always doing whatever he wanted...

“I guess I still hate you after all.”

“Ehh! Wh-why say this out of a sudden!?”

“Hmph. Never mind.”

I turned my face aside unhappily. Hayato was perturbed by my sudden change of attitude, and tried various means to appease me. But I did not reward him at all. I did not think I was in the wrong, because, because—

“Yes, I do hate you after all. Yes.”

“Hey, what are you talking about~?”

I confidently confided to a confused Hayato.

But this thought immediately vanished.

“Jiii...”

“I guess I hate you after all, Hayato.”

On a certain holiday evening.

We were strolling on the streets, and just so happened to pass by a hill overlooking the town. The sunset's too dazzling, “I want to enjoy this further front.” and my selfish request was the start of it all.

This little hill overlooking the town had a dodgy fence, and heavily tilted, so it would be dangerous to keep moving forward. However, I wanted to enjoy the sunset further up close.

So the ideal method would be for the boy to carry me to a position where I could enjoy the scenery.

Thus, Hayato was carrying me...

“Ch-Chiaki...aren't you too heavy?”

“Not at all! Your arms are too thin!”

There was no sense of youth at all. We just kept pushing responsibility to each other.

I could have sworn that I was not getting fat. Hayato's bigger than me, but he's obviously a smaller one amongst the boys, so surely it was his fault. He's pushing the blame on me again. I guess I really hate him after all.

(I'm not in love after all. No way will anyone fall in love with such an unreliable guy.)

Hayato carried me forward as I quietly told myself.

Assuming that in the distant future, there's a boy who's able to easily lift me.

If such a boy existed, surely I would like him more than Hayato. Kind, gentle, tall, strong, there is no way Hayato can compare. In other words, this proves that I am not in love with Hayato— “Woah! It's really pretty!”

“Woah...!”

Right when I was thinking about these.

Hayato brought me to the edge of the lookout. The town right by the sea was shining under the sunset, covered with a warm, melancholic color.

So peaceful, so serene, yet with a lingering tinge of sadness.

The irreplaceable time engulf me, and the setting set gave me a sense of sadness. It felt as if, as if, something precious was trickling away, bit by bit. Even so, I wanted to remained basked in it. Why, why is the world so beautiful?

“Chiaki.”

At this moment.

“What? What is it—ah!”

“...”

It was too sudden.

“Wha-wha-what...!”

“Teehee, you’re the one spacing out~”

Hayato—

Kissed me on the cheek.

My body heated up. My mind could not function normally, and the sensation on my face never faded away.

Wh-what did he just—what?

“What did you just do, you idiot!? Idiot idiot idiot!”

“Teehe! But you’re cute though♪ Let’s do it again, okay?”

“Hey—no..stop it! I’m going to pinch you!”

Do what? I could not understand, but...but, but...but, but, but— I was firmly convinced.

Convinced that it was not love, that we did not have that kind of relationship. I firmly believed that I hated him.

But my resolve was easily toppled by him.

I did not believe that I wished to be kissed by him again. I was carried by a boy, kissed by a boy, and yet, so happy to be a girl.

I absolutely will never believe this.

“I...I do hate you after all!”

.....

...The following day.

For some reason, I bought a music player and a set of earphones.

A scene in a serial drama I liked depicted a couple sharing earphones, their faces leaning on each other. At the climax, the male kissed the female. I knew it was unlike me, but it was my ideal image of lovers.

So I could not help but have the urge to try.

I was not actually hoping for it.

But that if I tried, I would understand. I was trying to understand what this annoying heartbeat since third grade was. Finally I could understand the truth. It's not love, I did not fall in love with him. Surley I felt nothing. Be-because...

Because I hated him...

Thinking back about it, I realized how dazzling my life was back then.

My life fell into the pits thereafter, and I crumbled in despair.

It was painful, it was suffering, it was unbearable.

My fragile heart could not overcome the pains of recovery. I chose to give up, and escape everything.

My parents chided me, maybe because they found that they had to discipline me strictly. This only caused the divide between us however. My relationship with my older sister took a turn for the worst, and I could only blame my shoddy legs.

Hayato became my only source of redemption.

Whatever I did, I relied on him.

For he told me.

You don't have to walk. I will keep pushing your wheelchair.

That was also what he said.

You don't need friends. I will always be with you.

If that was the case, that was enough for me. Even without the understanding of my parents and sister, even if I had no friends.

Even if it continued for eternity, that I kept living in a world without friends.

I still had Hayato. He would always be with me.

In that case, there was no issue. He would never vanish from my side.

The time spent between us continued on.

And I kept relying on Hayato.

I kept relying, kept relying.

Until it snowballed.

And suddenly, one day—

Karma struck.

“Miss Tsukimura...the boy who visits you every day was caught in a car accident...”

The young caretaker was really frantic on that day, dropping in during work to inform me of this. I could not understand those words, until she was called elsewhere.

“You’re lying...you’re lying.”

I muttered to myself, but in my heart, I understood.

The ambulance siren blared, a car accident.

There were a few possibilities.

“Hayato...wait...don’t leave me alone...”

Despair lunged towards me, and I had nowhere to go. I could not reach for the wheelchair in a corner of the room. I knew I could possibly walk, but I chose to run away—

“So-somebody! Save me!”

As I crumbled and yelled, the one who aided me was an elderly granny in the same ward room.

Did I thank the elderly patient properly when she did that for me? I was so anxious that I could not think of it.

I finally got to my wheelchair, and headed straight for the stairs.

I was on the 6th level, and the operating rooms were on the 1st and 2nd. The emergency ward should be on the 1st floor. So I thought as I waited before the elevator.

But right at this moment.

The elevator never came. I did not know the reason for the delay as it remained at the top floor. My despair grew.

If only I could scale the stairs.

if only my legs could scale the stairs.

If only I had legs that could scale the stairs.

Never once did I have so much regret, so loathing of myself for being so reliant on others.

“Hurry! Hayato’s going to die!”

I just yelled, ignoring everyone else present. A long time passed by the time I could enter the elevator.

And so—

“Ahh...”

I arrived at the operating room, and his parents were standing before it.

The parents who lost their son were bawling away.

Upon seeing this, i realized.

He, Hayato—that childhood friend I really hated.

Was no longer on this world—

“Ahh...ah...ahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

—Whatever happened thereafter, I could not remember.

I recovered, and found myself left alone on this icy cold corridor.

So cold, so dark, I wanted to die.

Darkness filled my world.

“Hayato...even if I continue to live—”

Right, just when I was about to make a decision.

Right, just when I was give up.

That person showed up, though it would be too harsh to call it a redemption for me.

“Will you give half your lifespan to him?”

“Eh—”

What was that?

Appearing before me was hope, or maybe it was despair. Even till this day, I often had dreams recollecting this event.

It was—the second chance for me to encounter Hayato.

And also, the opportunity that led to me knowing ‘him’ and ‘her’.

“Meet him? Me?”

It was a chilly winter day.

Half a year had passed since that day, when we suddenly began living an intriguing life of two personalities in one body. For some reason, the deceased Hayato would take over my body every alternate day, and we interacted through the voice recorder.

During that time, an unexpected development occurred.

While he was being vibrant like usual—the voice is still mine. I could never get used to this strangeness.

Speaking of which...eh? There are others sharing two personalities in one body like us? Really?

“Chiaki, I got some serious things to talk to you about. I do think you need friends after all. At least, I thought I alone would be enough—but it is a matter of time here. As you know, my time has been decreasing, so this is a

chance. If they are sharing the same pain as us, surely you'll be able to be friends with him. Chiaki, be friends with that guy."

"...That is..."

That was what he said.

After hearing the message, I sighed for the umpteenth time on this day.

I was grateful that this two personalities sharing one body allowed me to still keep in contact with Hayato. No matter how it worked out, all I wanted was to live with him. That was what I was really relieved about. If he continued to remain by my side, and was willing to, even if we could not meet, I had to contact him through some means, and no matter how much of my lifespan I had to sacrifice, I would not regret it. That was what I earnestly thought.

But at the same time—I had new troubles.

I remain trapped in a disabled body, and because of Hayato's death, I was shunned at school, and refused to go to school. Also...there was a cruel fate, which one of us would have to vanish. As written in the Atelier—Hayato and I will have to bid farewell in the near future.

No, I do not want to be separated from him.

I wanted to remain with him forward. However, this could never happen.

I could not live in a world without him. However, I could not imprison him inside this body and vanish by myself. I...no longer needed friends. I was not willing to make friends and prepare myself from losing you. Wh-what I really hoped for is—

"..."

However—

I could not defy Hayato, and went to meet the other pair sharing the same body.

On that day.

I arrived at the station as agreed upon, 30 minutes before the time, and hid in a corner, observing the situation.

And at the given time, my phone received a notification, indicating his arrival.

“This is Sakamoto. I have an appointment with you. I’m at the station now. Where are you?”

Sakamoto then described the clothes he was wearing. I saw the mail, and before replying, I started looking for him.

He probably was not an annoying one. Looking at the description of his clothes, i could assume that he was a male, not a flirty type. In any case, i did not know if we were similar in ages.

Uneasy, I looked around, hoping for my worries to be unfounded. For the better.

And amidst the passing crowds, after looking around for ten seconds or so.

I finally found Sakamoto—

(Eh—wha-what?)

—I shivered. The situation was terrible, utterly hopeless.

Of course, there was reason for those thoughts. On this day, I would meet, be forced to meet Sakamoto, whom I was to be friends with. His appearance...

Was shocking! Scary!

He was a savage looking delinquent, one that will scare anyone’s wits.

The long bang covered his scary eyes.

He was a lot taller than Hayato, and had the vibe of a delinquent. “Got...to...practise my smile.”

—And he leered.

So.

He just gave a demonic smile, without fear. No no, absolutely not. I’m supposed to talk to someone like him alone?

(What do I do now...I will be violated...)

I really had the urge to cry, and finally, at my wits end, I did something really despicable.

I sent him a message, telling Sakamoto that I was the nice looking boy standing before the station, and wanted to see his reaction, if I was able to remain safe.

And then—

“W-wow, you’re so cute! You’re just my type! Ahaha!”

(Eh, he said it? For real?)

“Hey! What are you saying to my boyfriend?”

“Wait! I’ve been wanting to meet you! You know how much I—”

(...Seems like he’s going to cry.)

“You’re disgusting! Die!”

(Ah, he is crying.)

“.....”

The saying goes, do not read a book by its cover. That development had me poignantly understand how accurate that was.

It is fine. Surely there is no need to worry about being violated by him.

For that person—was just a spineless virgin.

(Anyway, time to hear him out.)

“I didn’t think you would actually follow through. That humorous image of you made me quite amused.”

“———Wha!”

I did not want to be friends with him. I had already decided not to make friends—even if I had to live in a world without Hayato.

He was taken aback by my voice, his face frozen up.

Unexpectedly for me, as I took a closer look, that glum face was rather handsome. The hands clasping the hand warmer gave a gentle look.

But none of that mattered.

I had no intention of being friends with him.

No way would I be able to walk, and I would always be alone.

That was my thought as I recalled about Hayato.

“Nice to meet you, Sakamoto. I am the Chiaki Tsukimura who arranged to meet with you today.”

“You’re.....Chiaki.....-chan?”

Later on, I realized something.

That at this moment, this instant.

As the chilly winds blew, the wilted leaves fluttering.

I had a wonderful encounter.

Thus was our encounter with them.

I would never forget what happened thereafter.

Both him, and her did their best to pry open the door to my heart.

Miss Yumesaki’s kindness.

Mr Akitsuki’s ruggedness.

Two personalities, one body, both opposites.

Such a perfect complement attacked me, and my feeble soul could not resist.

My heart eroded little by little, and before I knew it, how I addressed them had changed. I was even carried. And so, I— “...Is it okay to start off as friends?”

“Hoi—?”

In the dim early morning.

With Miss Yumesaki’s encouragement, and Mr Akitsuki’s support.

And most importantly, with Hayato’s spiritual support, I was finally able to walk that morning, and I finally said those words.

Though surprised, Mr Akitsuki gave a kind smile. I would never forget that smile.

Finally I had a reason to keep living.

Even in the world after Hayato had vanished.

— —

—

“Ah, Miss, thank you for the last time.”

“Eh?”

On a certain day—

It was a day after the long winter, as the weather finally warmed.

I was seated on a wheelchair, and an unfamiliar granny called for me.

“Do you not remember? You did reach out to me when I had collapsed and was unable to get up, right? I remember it was a pretty lady seated on a wheelchair who helped me.”

“Eh—oh...oh! That time! Ce-certainly.”

I immediately bluffed. I did not remember.

However, there was only one answer. The other me, Hayato, reached out to help the granny.

To be honest, it was not something unexpected.

Hayato had brought smiles to many without me knowing. Thus, many would smile and thank me. I always liked this. I never did anything, and I should not have been so shameful to accept some thanks, but such moments allowed me to understand his kindness. There were lots of heartwarming interludes. Ultimately, it was after I was able to walk that I realized how wonderful these events were. I was once so dejected that I never realized this, and felt awkward about my past, feeble self.

(Okay, time to work hard today.)

Leaving that aside, it was time for the usual rehab.

After that, I learned to walk, became friends with Mr Akitsuki and Miss Yumesaki, rid my lingering regrets over Hayato, and having accepted the cruel fate that was to come, we discussed how we would spend the remaining time.

It seemed Mr Akitsuki and Miss Yumesaki had decided on making lots of memories.

Mr Akitsuki had said that he would leave lots of memories, countless of them, so that he would never forget that Miss Yumesaki existed. It seemed she too agreed, and I heard them mention about this before. While Mr Akitsuki was the one who proposed, it seemed Miss Yumesaki was enthusiastically making them. It seems Mr Akitsuki will continue to suffer.

And on the other hand,

We decided to spend the remaining time as normal.

Nothing special, no new developments.

Just the usual daily life.

Quietly—

Waiting for the moment that was to come.

It was Hayato who proposed this. This is the body both Hayato and me share. For him, this daily life was most wonderful to him.

I had no objections, of course.

I firmly believed that there would be no better time than the remaining time I had with Hayato. I decided to accept this.

I would not cry.

I swore not to, from the bottom of my heart.

The rehab facility I came to was the place where I first learned to walk.

There was a short boy, and a tall one. These two boys carried me on this mound at separate moments. However, I was alone. With crutches, I stood from the wheelchair, and trudged forward.

I was soaked in sweat.

Panting.

Giving my all, my heart palpitated as my body seemingly sizzled.

I am alive, and I will continue to live.

Right, so I told myself.

“Ah, found it.”

After some time, as the sun began to set.

I finally arrived at the spot overlooking the town, and found that thing.

“Hayato, I worked hard again.”

I said to the SD memory card pasted on the fence. It was carefully wrapped in a plastic bag to prevent it from getting wet, decorated with a beautiful sash. This little reward was here to reward me for making it all the way here, a reward from yesterday's me. I took out the voice recorder in my pocket, and inserted the card.

I began to hear his voice.

For me, it was an irreplaceable, blissful moment.

“Good work Chiaki! Sure worked hard today!”

His voice rang in my ears as I listened attentively.

He was talking about his past memories. He happily narrated his childhood memories, how lots of events happened. I closed my ears, immersed in the memories. Then, something unexpected happened. It felt as though he was right by me.

Very close.

He then said to me.

I could still remember his face, his voice. But sooner or later, they would fade from my memories, and I would never remember him again. In this world without him, in this world, where I will never be able to meet the one dearest to me, ever again.

I—

“...Chiaki.”

At this moment,

“Teehee, Chiaki, you're crying now, aren't you?”

“Eh!”

I could not help but—

Yell out loud, even though I was outdoor.

I was greatly taken aback, for it felt as though I was talking face to face with him. I was shocked to be read. It-it shocked me. Why was—

“Ahaha, you’re wondering how I know, right? Of course I do~because we’re childhood friends! We’ve been together all this time, and I understand you best. Because I—”

Then—

The following words was a reward way beyond my expectations.

“Because I really—love you, Chiaki”

“—Eh?”

.....

...

The recording stopped here, unnaturally. It was unlike that usual laidback him, and the way he ended off here, I could imagine him being all embarrassed. Those words, that sudden confession, and I was left unable to respond, only left rooted at the spot.

“...How sly of you.”

Really, really sly of him.

So I could only think. It was Hayato who wanted me not to cry, and to send him off with a smile. Yet, so deliberately...so deliberately—

He made me—happy.

“ ... ”

I endured my tears as I cautiously inserted the SD card back into my pocket. This recording file will probably be replayed hundreds of times on this day. Just in case, I should save a backup. Perhaps I could have it as a ringtone too. In-in any case...I am going to repeat this recording while fooling around on the bedsheets.

“Alright—

I too made up my mind.

I switched the recorder to record my voice. After a little cough, I prepared to send my message to Hayato.

I too...I too...

I too—had things I wanted to say.

“Hayato, to tell you, I too...”

I said that I understood myself best, but I knew nothing about what was most important. Till this day, I did not realize the feelings I long harboured.

“—”

That day, I spent countless of hours recording, and was still not done even at night.

I kept recording, deleting, recording, deleting, and unsure of what I was doing, repeating the motions over and over again.

Thinking back about it—

The memories of youth, the memories I would never get, the period during which I believe the happiness would remain forever.

Two of us, sharing a pair of earphones, our faces so close that we could feel each other’s breath. I was mesmerized by his sidelong face, secretly hoping that we could kiss.

Actually, back then, I really wanted to confess my true feelings.

“I—”

I am happy.

That our hearts were able to connect, that it would be such a wonderful thing.

After realizing this, I felt all the lonelier, anguished.

Thus,

Still, to Hayato, whom I developed such feelings for.

I supposed, I really hated him.

Immersed in bliss, I told him of my love.

Our final moments passed by.

Hayato vanished without a trace.

It was just like him to hate whimpers when departing, **“I’m gonna be a pro soccer player in the other world!”** so he said. In any case, he did say that before. I had to chuckle.

My life was back to normal.

No longer was my life every alternate day, but full weeks instead.

I lost him, who always had my back, and living through every lonely day had me sad. Once I felt sad, I wanted to cry. But I would not, for I promised Hayato.

This kind him left me with—

Irreplaceable friends, and wonderful memories.

And most importantly, he left me with a ‘determined heart’ that would face any adversity.

In that case,

In that case, I—

“...Right.”

Hardening my resolve, I clenched my fists.

I lifted my head, not letting my tears fall.

In that case, I—

“Can only work hard.”

—

—

“Ah—”

“Morning. Starting today, I will not be taking leave. Do not worry.”

—The following day.

I went to school.

I entered my senior year, and seated next to me was the girl I had a quibble with.

She was the girl who was enamoured with Hayato, and vented her pains onto my, blaming Hayato's death on me—even coming to my house to lash out. It was the girl who had me confess everything to Akitsuki. Fate really has its own plans. Feeling that I had to be friends with her, I finally came to school, and ended up seated next to her.

But I thought of it.

“Hmph...you’re saying that? It’s because of you that Hayato—”

“Yes, it might be my fault. So I am going to keep on living strongly, for his sake. Do you mind sharing your love for Hayato on me instead?”

“What—?”

The classroom froze over.

I could easily tell she was vexed, and that I said some taunting words.

But I did not lower my head, and did not run away. If I accepted my weak self, nobody would like me, and nobody would be willing to be my friend.

In that case, I had to first make myself stronger, so I thought.

No matter what happened, I would not cry; no matter what happened, I would not run away.

Just like Hayato and Miss Yumesaki.

Like those two indomitable ones—

“Please continue to take care of me.”

“Ugh...!”

I could imagine her trying to pick on me.

But I would not give up.

If I was picked on, I would face it head on. Surely I must not cry, and fight my past.

How would Hayato smile if he were to face it head on?

How would Miss Yumesaki smile if she were to face it head on?

And—

I recalled that weak-willed boy with a savage looking face, a simpleton who for some reason did not run away.

Mr Akitsuki—I imagined how he would face it.

“Please stop bullying me anymore! If you have the time, can you be friends with me instead?”

“Wh-what’s with you, Tsukimura! I get it! I won’t bother you again!”

And so—

For the rest of my high school life, I did not make any friends.

Life is not that simple, and I once again recognized this.

I stealthily removed the SD memory card, which contained the message left by Hayato.

I played it, listened to his voice, and tried to cheer myself on.

And it seemed that thanks to it—

That night, I dreamed of Hayato.

I kept appealing to him, and he kept consoling me.

So Hayato said,

You’ve worked hard. This experience will surely come in handy the next time.

As long as you keep living, there is a next time.

Those words ring true.

Perhaps it was because my high school was a battlefield,

That the people I met thereafter were all kind, angels to my eyes.

As time passed, the seasons moved on,

I—entered college.

“Hey Chiaki, are you listening?”

“Eh—oh, sorry. What were you saying again?”

“Seriously, it’s about the gathering! If you’re willing to join, we’ll be able to get guys, argh! Stop acting so out of place just because you’re a beauty yourself.”

It was winter.

Two years passed since then, since the moment I first met Mr Akitsuki.

I was at the meeting lounge in college.

A few of my friends were gathered around a simple table, smiling and chatting away.

It is a very ordinary scene to any bystander. For me two years ago, this would have been unbelievable.

I ended up chatting with people other than Hayato.

I had friends I could be on first name basis with.

Others might find it an exaggeration, but to me, it was a miraculous two years.

During the two years, I experienced the delight of encounters, and anguish of farewells.

Farewells are sad, painful, and till this point, whenever I thought of Hayato, I would still think of crying at night.

But I had countless memories with him. No matter how long it was, none of them would fade. On this day, I still vividly recall our encounters, I did once share the same body, same heart with him. I tried imagining a farewell, and surely he was smiling and waving goodbye. It is that smile that keeps me going.

People live—for the encounters, for the farewells.

If that is the case, surely there will be more encounters.

New people to meet, to remember, and this dearest him.

As long as I remain alive—there will be no day the encounters will end.

And surely, from now on—

“...?”

At the entrance of the lounge.

There is a cute girl, unbefitting this college environment.

She’s holding a hand warmer, and this gesture reminded me of Mr Akitsuki two years ago.

The sourpuss face—was somewhat similar to him too.

Then, she walked towards me—

—Eh?

“There is a Christmas party.”

“Eh?”

“Brother asked me to come here. He hoped that you will show up.”

“Brother?”

“...Eh? Who are you again?”

“I am Akitsuki Sakamoto’s little sister, Yukiko Sakamoto.”

“—!”

A new encounter.

The cute grouchy face of hers gave me this premonition.

As the seasons passed, and the year ending.

It was a year and a half since Hayato’s farewell.

Right before Christmas.



CUT 5 – Christmas, Yukiko will become Santa, you will revive

It might be sudden to say this, but I, Akitsuki Sakamoto, did share an exchange diary with a girl who should have been dead.

Don't understand? Right, I'll start over.

About two and a half years ago, on a rainy day, a girl called Hikari Yumesaki died before my eyes, because of a car accident.

But suddenly, a mysterious person in black robes appeared before me, asking, "Use half of your lifespan to save her."

What was he saying? Till this day, I remembered my thoughts.

So I subconsciously said, "Bring it on, bastard." However, there was a catch to his words.

Thus, a few days later, every alternate day, Hikari Yumesaki's soul would possess me, Akitsuki Sakamoto. Thus was her peculiar revival.

I spent a day, sleep at night, and the next day, my body would be possessed by the personality of Hikari Yumesaki. She would then spend the day, sleep at night, and my personality would revive. Well, that's how it feels like.

The memory of one side will not be left for the other, and thus, literally, my lifespan is halved. This 'giving up half a lifespan' is pretty much like this. Japanese really is hard to understand.

So we began to have such an intriguing daily life. I wouldn't be able to know what the me yesterday did, and I could not converse with her. Surely it wouldn't be a good thing if this kept up, so we had an exchange journal.

I would record down what happened on the day, and provide some things to take note of for tomorrow's me. The one waking up the next day would then pay attention, live as usual, and continue the journal entries before sleeping. Thus, even without being able to meet, we were able to remain in contact.

However, there was a miscalculation with regards to this two personalities

living in one body thing. It's the personality of this girl called Hikari Yumesaki.

"Oh, it's here too."

It was the first December after I became a college student. On a certain rest day.

Living alone, I had nothing to do, and nonchalantly flipped through the manga I brought from my home to this dormitory.

"Hikradamus prophecy! Sakamoto is reading a manga now!"

While reading, at the important page of the heroine's tragic past being revealed, large round words appeared at this inopportune moment. While reading these words written a highlighter, I was left amazed that she wrote something behind my back. The only one capable of doing this was my other half.

"That Hikari Yumesaki wrote it at such a place..."

Yes. I suppose you know.

I shared half my lifespan with her, the girl called Hikari Yumesaki.

She just wrote down whatever she wanted on my manga. I guess there's no need for further explanation. This girl's a miraculous airhead of an idiot girl.

Also, pulling a prank by writing words on a manga is kinda cute.

Hikari Yumesaki always sought out trouble with delinquents, and so I was left to deal with the mess the following day. She would flirt around with girls, and I would end up in chaos the following day. Anyway, there's countless situations of Hikari Yumesaki doing stupid acts and me having to clean up the mess thereafter.

"What kind of prophecy is this when it doesn't happen without reading a manga?"

I retorted as I kept reading, and after that, she wrote,

"This character really looks like you, Sakamoto. A virgin LOLLOL."

"Woah...the potato chip got stuck in the book. Well, let's leave it be."

She wrote similar messages on every single page, and I could no longer read

the manga. Thus, I put it down, “this damn idiot.” and cursed out.

“Well, whatever. It’s been a while since I found such things.”

But then, I smiled as I said this.

In fact, Hikari Yumesaki’s soul had vanished from my body a year and a half ago. Before she vanished, she doodled all over my items, so I could still find remains of her mischiefs.

But even so, I would still feel lonely.

“I really want to see her...even though we haven’t met.”

I rolled about on the bed, muttering.

I knew it wasn’t possible. There was no way to return to those times. Of course, the friends I was on good terms with went their separate ways after graduation...we’re all kind of distant. Thus, that’s how it ended up. Feels exceptionally lonely.

“Santa Claus, I’ll be a good kid, so let me see her again.”

So I muttered, probably because Christmas was looming. Of course, nobody would answer. It’ll be scary if someone did.

Well, that’s how I lived through my ordinary college life. While angsty, there was nothing else I could do. It’s that sort of feeling.

But in fact, at this moment, something happened without me knowing. Basically, Hikari Yumesaki’s revival was proceeding. It started somewhere—to be specific, my old home.

It all started because of my little sister, Yukiko Sakamoto, who’s in her third year of middle school, petite and having a short bob cut, always frowning.

“It’s been a year and a half...”

That day,

On that day, brother suddenly went “I’m going to die tomorrow. Your brother will revive, so don’t worry.” He made a ruckus through the house, and embraced Yukiko like his dearest—no, that’s a precious embrace of one who found his fated goddess (finally he understands Yukiko’s feelings♪) A year and a

half has passed since that day.

Yukiko hasn't recovered from the tragedy that was brother living home due to college, but before Yukiko realizes it, it's finally this time.

"Let's have a blast."

December 20th.

This is the mission Yukiko's dear brother has given. Yukiko is about to enter high school.

It's time to ensure the success of the final memories of middle school.

"Operation Christmas Day is starting now!"

"I'm going to organize a Christmas party."

"Eh? Sakamoto's little sister?"

"It's Yukiko's brother's request. Please participate."

One day, after school, the skies are cloudy, and it was about 3.30pm.

A long time ago, brother entrusted me with this mission—"I want to hold a Christmas Party for everyone on this list♪". To finish this mission, Yukiko first arrived at the Sakurahime High School.

The people of the going-home club and third years retired from the clubs are moving out from the gates, and Yukiko went towards one particularly gloomy looking one, saying that to her,

"A Christmas party...huh?"

Misaki Koudera.

She's a junior, a year younger than brother. Her defining characteristics are a pretty face and nice long legs.

But one shouldn't be bluffed by her appearance. This one here is a wretch who once cheated money out of men! Two years ago, it seemed she turned over a new leaf after being reprimanded by brother, but Yukiko can't trust her at all! She's using the virgin heart of Yukiko's unpopular older brother! This is a heinous crime!

Just to note, she's also preparing for further studies.

She seemed to be aiming for a nursing school, but there is no way this wretch should be allowed to be a nurse. Once she puts on a miniskirt, she'll definitely do weird things and increase the blood pressure of the virgins!

But it does seem like she's lethargic due to the stress of the exams.

"Hm, is there anything? Misaki has been a little busy recently..."

A rare invitation, and she was so lifeless in response.

Hmph. Such arrogance, rejecting brother's invitation.

"Brother asked Yukiko to invite you. It will be a bother if you won't."

"Senpai...? But I haven't met him in a while."

Eh, she's sighing again. Her pretty face is gloomy for some reason. Hmph, she's so hard to deal with when she hasn't met him in a while.

It seemed brother hasn't been in contact with her ever since he graduated, and there was some distance between them. Was it because of this? Perhaps she had given up on herself as she was too tired over preparing for her exams. She had none of the nonchalance she used to have. Even when working at the café, she wasn't as eager in showing her pretty thighs. Now she's wearing long socks.

"Sorry, little sister. Misaki won't be going. Misaki isn't up for it."

"Eh?"

Misaki Koudera then said with a blank smile, and was about to leave. Wait—

"W-wait a minute! Can't you use it as a chance to restart your relationship!? Yukiko can understand if it's this much!"

But Yukiko's words did not move her.

"...Senpai's pretty popular with the ladies anyway. Surely he has found a girlfriend in college. Misaki does not want such a senpai."

"Ah..."

Misaki Koudera hushed her voice sadly, "Now if you excuse me." She was

about to leave. This, this is bad.

In that case, there'll be one missing at the Christmas Party. Brother made a request to me.

"...In that case."

Yukiko made up her mind.

And so, she clenched his right first—

"Haii ya!"

—Bamf!

"Ow!?"

A delightful sound rings under the grey skies.

What sound, you say?

The sound of Yukiko slapping Misaki Koudera's legs!

"Li-little sister?"

Stop acting tsundere!

Another slap!

"Wait, it hurts! W-what are you doing!? Stop!?"

"Shut up! What's with the layers!? And you're wrong on something!"

"Wrong...?"

Yeah.

"You said that brother's very popular with the girls, right?"

"...Is there something wrong?"

"It's correct. But—"

Yukiko then took a deep breath, saying,

"Think about it! You think that super coward, spineless, legendary lecherous Muttsurini who gets bluffed by one bare leg of a dumb virgin called Yukiko's brother will have the guts to do anything to girls!?"

“———!”

Whoosh!

...Yukiko pointed firmly at Misaki Koudera as she declared this.

“Th-that’s...true.”

Finally, Yukiko’s thoughts have reached her.

“Y-yeah! That super coward of a virgin senpai is trash wood that looks so pitiful, and an utter wreck who’s always grinning away whenever I wear a miniskirt to show him my thighs. No way can he possibly have a girlfriend! No matter how handsome, how kind—he is, he’s just a virgin!”

Misaki Koudera was looking up at the sky, glowing, as though she had discovered the truths of this world.

Hmm. She seemed to have agreed with Yukiko. Her eyes were hoping for something. But she went overboard there. Seriously, don’t imitate Yukiko here.

“So you’ll come. In that case, this is the message brother left for you.”

“Message?”

I took out a message brother left me for a year and a half back, along with a name list. They could have met whenever they wanted to, so why did he leave such a message? I could not understand, but since he had asked me to do so, I had to convey. Hmm, the message to Misaki Koudera—

“When we talk about Christmas Day, we think of Santa Claus. When we talk about Santa Claus, we think of miniskirts. When we talk about miniskirts, I’ll think of Misaki—guhehehe.”

Such were the words of a disgusting virgin. Seriously, if you wanted a miniskirt, Yukiko would have worn it as many times as you wanted.

But it seemed to be super effective on Misaki Koudera.

“Understood. I shall show him the best Misaki Koudera!” Saying this words, she left excitedly. Hmph, one down. Let’s continue working hard like this.

Next is—

“Yukiko’s going to hold a Christmas Party.”

“Yukiko’s going to hold a Christmas Party.”

“Eh...”

“Brother requested for this. Please participate.”

A little distance away from Sakurahime High, Yukiko arrived at a house.

Yukiko entered the house of the target, and conveyed something important to him.

“And you’re coming along too, Kaoru.”

“Bro...?”

Kaoru Kinoshita.

He has large eyes, fluffy hair, and a squeaky voice. No matter how anyone looks at him, they’ll assume he’s a pretty girl. He’s Yukiko’s classmate, a Middle Schooler. He’s not an ordinary boy though.

As a boy, he’s one of those super duper awesome gay boys who love boys!

What went wrong? I remembered he was rather agitated when he confessed to brother. He could have continued harassing...brother’s really troublesome here.

Just to note, it’s been a year and a half since Kaoru confessed, and he’s already in third year like Yukiko. It seemed like he’s going through puberty, and he’s a lot taller, already the most popular guy amongst girls in school. It’s hard to talk to him at school, so I came to his room to look for him.

But this popular boy’s having love troubles.

So—

“I guess I should give up. Bro has already given up on me...”

Kaoru said, his sidelong face looking really sad.

Ever since brother graduated and left this place—Kaoru has been like this. Uuu, brother and Karou have already kissed...Yukiko can’t help but pity him.

“Yukiko. Fate is cruel. The love between bro and me that surpasses the difference between genders, between age actually ended like this. I am no

longer at the age to dream...but I don't think I have any interest in girls...the sweet scent alone doesn't move my heart like boys..."

"Kaoru..."

You just said such a beautiful line so naturally. Those words, that face, let Yukiko use those for novel writing. Super duper excited here.

Leaving that aside, Yukiko has to figure out a way to convince him. Since brother has requested for this, Yukiko shall convince him no matter what. Time to show off what an author can do!

"So Kaoru. What do you think of this story?"

"Eh?"

As Kaoru stood by the window, looking up at the sky sadly, Yukiko began to come up with a story.

"Two men in love, separated by fate. But what if the one who abandoned the other still loves him? What if he held a Christmas party because he can't be honest?"

"—!"

"Perhaps, he might not have any thoughts on this...but if he is to see that other become so tall and handsome after a year, he might change his mind, you know?"

"—Th-that is true..."

"And then, the love shall blossom between the men, on Christmas Eve."

Yukiko's turned towards Kaoru, who's looking back.

And then, Yukiko confidently concluded,

"—Okay, let's go."

"Ehh!? Isn't this too sudden!?"

"Kaoru, you're too naïve. There's no need for words between two men in love. Is there a need for any reason, when both men desire each other?"

"Th-that's true...what both men desire...this isn't weird at all!"

“Yeah. That’s not weird. Love stories are to be on the edge. This is Yukiko’s strategy when writing them.”

Yukiko continued to encourage, and finally managed to get a smiling Kaoru to come along. So Yukiko left the Kinoshitas.

“Good, good. Two down. Let’s continue.”

So, third on the list. The number three on the list is—

“Hmph!”

I frowned once I saw the name. Uuu...this name leaves me enraged just by looking at this. This woman left Yukiko with a trauma that will never be healed again. Speaking of which, ever since she showed up, brother’s been really understanding of women! Finally, another showdown with that girl with those big jugs!

“Wait and see...Kasumi Sanada!”

“Yukiko’s going to hold a Christmas Party.”

“Eh? Yukiko?”

“Brother requested for this. Please participate.”

The next day, at noon.

The sky was sky, as Yukiko took the train to a certain college campus.

It’s cold, but she was at an open-aired café, and Yukiko, facing her, demanded,

“Sakamoto’s...!”

“Isn’t this good, Miss Kasumi?”

Kasumi Sanada.

And Mohawk (Yukiko forgot the name). Both of them are students of the same year as brother in high school.

Braids girl Kasumi Sanada still had the uselessly big rack that’s unbefitting of her small body. Don’t be fooled by her appearance though. This one’s Yukiko’s biggest competitor. She’s been eying brother’s virginity the entire time. She’s a

wretched, ultimate bitch! Two years ago, she dared to kiss brother...grrrr!

On the other hand, Mohawk's a one who would yell "Gyaha!" from time to time. Yukiko's not very sure, but he seemed to be one of brother's lackeys. Might look like a delinquent, but actually very polite. A strange creature. This guy's just an add-on though. Impure stuff should be exterminated as soon as possible.

And just to note.

As you can see, these two are studying at the same college. Once Yukiko learned that her inferior academics ensured that she was unable to attend the same college as brother, Yukiko was grinning from ear to ear. No way can you be a pair with that smart brother of Yukiko.

But it seemed this wretch called Kasumi started acting weird once she got into college.

"Hm~ what do I do now☆~ In fact, Kasumi here has lots of invitations from boys, so where will I go to play on Christmas~? ♪ Might not be able to make it~?"

This is frustrating!

Absolutely frustrating!

It seemed that ever since she entered college, this braided wretch became a real slut. Grrr...Yukio really didn't want to invite her!

"And it's been a while~ since I last saw Sakamoto~ I can't bring myself to like a man, who left me behind~☆"

You lying! Yukiko knows you barged into brother's dormitory before! That day, at around 8pm, Yukiko heard you say something like "I can't make it for the last train..." Yukiko really wanted to slap you, you know! As for why Yukiko knows, that's not important! Yukiko didn't install a bug or anything.

"Eh, but Miss Kasumi, haven't you been saying 'in that case, I'm going to start my operation on my twentieth birthday, spike him with wine, and take his...' those boys chasing after you are all rejected. In fact, with regards to Mr Sakamoto, aren't you—"

“Can you shut up, Mohawk? You want me...to keep going until month?”

While Yukiko was feeling vexed, this conversation happened between them.

“Hiii!?” at that moment, Mohawk suddenly gave this shriek, his hands on his temples as he shrivelled up. Wha-what are they doing...?

Well, leaving that aside, even though she’s such an annoying woman, Yukiko has to call her along. Brother’s mission is way more important than Yukiko’s own feelings. So,

“Actually, brother has some words for you.”

“Eh? Words?”

Those were the words brother left for Yukiko a year and a half ago, to be given to this woman.

Grrr...Yukiko really didn’t want to say this words, but Yukiko endured her tears as she proceeded. Let’s do this!

“Now, here goes... “It’s been a while, Kasumi! Though it’s sudden, I hope you’ll join the Christmas party! If one day I see a Santa Claus with exposed sleeves and cleavage...that might become our first night! Kya☆’...that’s all.”

“——!? Fi-first night!?”

Ugh.

This wretch’s eyes glittered once that happened.

“—I see, so the operation to be pushed down a year ago...if I think of it...”

So she started muttering. Grrr. Yukiko got an annoying feeling here. Yukiko must remain by brother’s side at all times at the party. Yukiko shall protect brother’s virginity!

“Th-then please let me join!” after she agreed, Yukiko left the school. Hmph. At least the mission is complete.

Then, next—oh, someone very interesting.

“Next one is, the cool handsome guy Kazeshiro.”

“Yukiko’s going to hold a Christmas Party.”

“Christmas Party?”

Yukiko visited a cake shop in town. There weren't any customers, so all the part-timers were looking bored. Yukiko talked to him,

“Sakamoto suggested this?”

Mr Takayuki Kazeshiro.

He's a high school friend of brother, similar in age, though at different high school. He's honest, a handsome dude, and left a deep impression on Yukiko.

And most importantly, his relationship with brother is so passionate, so much so that brother would sometimes say things like “Only Kazeshiro understands everything about me!” What did he mean by everything! So that means he knows this and that too!? Kya!

Now he's attending a normal college in town. Like brother, he's living alone, so he's working part-time to earn money. It seemed he intended to become a teacher in the future. However, he's probably using that as an excuse to teach brother some outrageous things. Ahh, my dreams are coming true.

“Yes. He requested Yukiko a year and a half ago. He said ‘I hope that on Christmas, a year and a half later, I can gather everyone for a Christmas Party’.”

“A year and a half ago...”

Hm. He thought of something?

Kazeshiro was dressed like Santa Claus, with an apron and a cap, putting his fingers on his lips as he began to think. I guess he looks handsome even when frustrated.

“Ah, brother left a few words for you. He said that if you hear this, you'll definitely want to join.”

“Hm? Left a few words?”

So Yukiko began to read the message brother left for him a year and a half ago.

“So here Yukiko goes. “Oh! Right when I'm about to be forgotten, I'm back! More importantly, there's a major scoop here, Kazeshiro! That's—‘I' going to

revive for a little moment! Look forward to the Christmas Party☆”...that’s it.”

???

To be honest, even Yukiko didn’t know what this meant. What did he mean by revival? Brother does say some weird things from time to time.

But—

“...”

What’s the matter?

Kazeshiro’s actually putting deep thought into this.

“Maybe...no, it’s that person...but maybe...”

Kazeshiro muttered, looking troubled for several minutes.

And then, he seemed to have realized something—

“—Ha, ahahaha!”

“!?”

For some reason, he suddenly laughed out loud.

“Ah, I see. Revival. That might be the case. I guess...Sakamoto might be happy too.”

And then, he said this.

Eh? Brother???

—So.

While Yukiko was feeling all confused, “Alright, I get it. I’ll join the Christmas Party.” Yukiko was told this, and we said goodbye. Hmmmm. At least the mission is complete...but Yukiko didn’t know what’s going on. Well, it’s pointless to think too hard into this.

“Whatever. Now for the final one. Better buck up and invite her.”

The last one’s a little too far away. Also, with regards to her, brother left not a message, but a thick envelop. Yukiko—probably thinks that she’ll be the final boss to beat!

Under the clear winter sky, the weather was cool and comfy. Yukiko boarded the train, aiming for—

“Just wait...Chiaki Tsukimura!”

“Yukiko’s going to hold a Christmas Party.”

“Eh?”

“Brother asked me to come here. He hoped that you will show up.”

After much difficulty, Yukiko entered what is called the top academia college in Japan, passed through the wide campus—and finally found her at a certain lounge. With hands on hips, Yukiko stood before her.

“...Eh? Who are you again?”

“I am Akitsuki Sakamoto’s little sister, Yukiko Sakamoto.”

“—!?”

Her expression immediately turned to surprise.

Chiaki Tsukimura.

She’s a girl of similar age to brother, living in a massive mansion in Kanagawa.

She had nice long black hair, and clear white skin. A pretty face anyone would adore. Though brother had many pretty girls around him, this one here is the cream of the crop.

I guess this is the reason.

There was a period of time when brother kept visiting her, and there are lots of mysteries around her. She’s in a super duper premier college, so she has beauty and brains. Ugh, such a despicable woman.

“So Mr Akitsuki is holding a Christmas Party...”

But one shouldn’t be fooled by her serene appearance.

Sometimes this woman would let brother rub her chest. She is a super duper wicked wretch nobody else can compare with! Also, she used brother’s kindness to do whatever she wanted. Yukiko would not have let brother approach this wretch!

But...

(She's still on a wheelchair.)

Looking at her legs, I had to look away.

Two years ago, while Yukiko was stalk...no, protecting brother, Yukiko noticed her like this. She's always seated on a wheelchair. Yukiko had assumed she had a fracture, but it's probably—

While Yukiko was thinking,

Sorry everyone. I want to have some time to talk with Yukiko alone.”

Chiaki Tsukimura said to her friends.

Hm, pretty, smart, and has friends. Nice life she has. It's infuriating. No need to sympathize with her after all.

But while Yukiko was outraged,

“Thank you for coming such a long way, Miss Yukiko. You came here to notify me of this, did you not?”

“—Eh? Ah, y-yes. Don't mind.”

She unexpectedly gave Yukiko a smile. D-don't be fooled by this! This is definitely an act! Yukiko knows! This woman once gave brother a lashing. Better finish this and go home!

“Yukiko's here to give this to you. It's from brother. Receive this with graciousness.”

While wary, Yukiko handed her a thick, colourful envelop.

“Just hand this to Chiakin♪ If possible, please give it to her directly~”

That was all. Those were the words brother requested of me a year and a half ago. For some reason, it's not a message, but an envelope.

After thinking about it, Yukiko still felt weird about it. Might be contents of a date. Better be wary of her and track her down.

“! This is...”

On the other hand, Chiaki Tsukimura widened her eyes once she saw the

words ‘to Chiakin’. Then—

“...Sorry, Miss Yukiko, do you mind buying a drink for me? You may pick whatever you please.”

“Eh?”

Saying that, she handed Yukiko some money. Hmph, she’s thinking Yukiko’s being an eyesore while reading the letter? Such a rude person!

So Yukiko thought, but Chiaki Tsukimura looked really serious. No choice but to go buy now. Yukiko does know how to read the mood after all, so Yukiko proceeded to a vending machine far away.

Yukiko wandered around for ten minutes or so, sensed that it was about time, inserted money into the vending machine, bought two cans of tea, and—

“—!?”

Yukiko saw something unexpected.

Eh...Eh...?

(Sh-she’s crying!?)

My gosh.

For some reason, Chiaki Tsukimura had tears in her eyes as she read the letter.

Eh, ah, erm, erm...what should Yukiko do here!? B-brother, what did you write on the letter!?

Though flustered, Yukiko could not leave a crying girl like this. Yukiko gingerly returned to Chiaki Tsukimura—but was unable to console her as Yukiko did not know the reason.

—Clak.

“H-here’s some tea. Be grateful and drink it.”

“—Ah.”

Yukiko opened the can, and handed it to her, trying not to look at her in the eyes. Also, Yukiko handed over a handkerchief. Right, Yukiko shall pretend not

to notice anything, so wipe your tears off. Yukiko feels sad to see people cry, so much so that Yukiko wants to cry too.

“...”

But Chiaki Tsukimura had no intention of wiping her tears away.

Ehh, what now? Wipe them off.

So Yukiko thought as Yukiko glanced aside at her, and our eyes met.

“—Fufu, how kind of you.”

“Eh?”

“Just like your brother, teehee.”

“——Ehhh!?”

But for some reason, she was smiling brilliantly as she said this.

Th-this person's smile's too earnest. Yukiko's heart palpitated. No, no-no-no, can't be fooled by this. This one here should be a real wretch.

But—

“Hey, Miss Yukiko.”

“? What is it?”

“Do you like your older brother?”

“Puah!? Wh-what's with this out of a sudden?”

What the heck?

“I-I do like him. In the past, I did have a boy I liked—no, even now, I still do. At the same time, I do like Mr Akitsuki, so much so that I might have a change of heart.”

“...”

For some reason, I could see a kind smile...ah whatever.

“I really hated myself in the past. So much so that I wanted to die. There was a period of time when I really hated these legs, and I really was suffering.”

“Ahh...”

Chiaki Tsukimura starting talking, not directed at Yukiko—but probably to someone outside.

“But your brother did change me. He might be clumsy in some ways, but he earnestly accepted me...this brought me warmth.”

“ ... ”

“He is kinder. More so than anyone else. He might not have realized, but he is a kind one. He prioritizes others more than himself, and even in hardship, even in the face of despair, he will work hard for others, albeit with grumbles. He is a coward, but when it comes to others, he will offer his assistance. Thanks to this, I am able to walk a bit, and able to smile. His is kind, and determined—a person who glows with brilliance.”

“ ... ”

Saying till here, Chiaki Tsukimura stopped, and with a tender smile, she looked back at the letter.

At the same time, Yukiko's at a loss for words.

(Thi-this is the first time...!)

There were many women gathered around brother.

B-but, she's the first one to be able to understand brother like this! Does she have great foresight or something!?”

“Sorry for saying such unbecoming things, Miss Yukiko. I cannot help but reminisce the past after reading this letter.”

“D-don't mind. It's common.”

“Fufu, why thank you. I do suppose Mr Akitsuki is so kind because he has such a kind, cute little sister.”

Uu...wh-what's with that? Feels so gaudy. Why's she able to say such gaudy lines with such calmness.

However, Chiaki Tsukimura proceeded to attack.

“Eh!? W-wait, what are you doing!?”

“A few steps are fine. It is thanks to your brother after all.”

Chiaki Tsukimura slowly got up from her wheelchair, and slowly approached in a habitual manner. And then—

“Woah...”

“Fufufu, caught you, Miss Yukiko. Pardon me, I never had any younger siblings...so I always wanted to do this.”

Head patting.

So Yukiko’s head was patted by that white, warm hand.

So-so that’s how it is. So comfy. Nice smell, so warm...uh oh, Yukiko’s going to be addicted. If-if Yukiko is to call her big sister though—”

“Allow me to participate at the Christmas Party. Let us all enjoy the moment with your brother.”

“O-okay...”

“Fufufu. How cute.”

“~~~~”

This patting lasted for minutes.

“See you on Christmas then.” Chiaki Tsukimura said, and Yukiko bade farewell, returning home. Uuu, Yukiko’s face is still hot, but comfy. She’s like an angel.

Leaving that aside, the mission to invite everyone else is done.

“After that.”

One last thing, send a message.

It’s been a while since Yukiko worked this hard. Please keep praising.

“Just wait.”

“To brother. Whatever promised is done. Make sure to come back on Christmas Eve.

From Yukiko.”

“It’s cold~...”

7pm, on December 24th.

I, Akitsuki Sakamoto, am on my way home from the dormitory, to the ever familiar station of my hometown. It's been a while since I returned, but I was too familiar with the place, and didn't feel out of place. Even after looking at the colourful decorations and large Christmas tree, I just felt cold.

"But what is that Yukiko planning?"

A few days ago, I received a message from my little sister Yukiko. "Whatever promised is done. Make sure to come back on Christmas Eve."

I didn't know what was going on, but I had lessons every day until the end of the semester, "No, sorry." So I replied. Yukiko's response was ever so stubborn however, and she kept sending messages, "But Yukiko worked hard..." she sounded like she was going to cry, so I had no choice but to return.

As planned, I arrived at the station. Now what do I do—so I thought.

"Ah! Found you!"

"Oh, Yukiko?"

I could hear my little sister's voice, and so I turned around, spotting something unexpected.

"Ah! Sakamoto!"

"Senpai!"

"Bro!"

"Yo, Sakamoto."

"Mr Sakamoto! Hello—"

...

"Eh? Kasumi, Misaki, everyone's here?"

Under the Christmas tree, the folks whom I spent my high school life with were all gathered.

"Bro! It's been a while!"

First up was the pretty girl-like trap Kinoshita.

Eh...he's a little taller now. Anyway that. Stop holding my hands with both hands like that. Let go already, okay? Your abnormal strength and dark glint in your eyes are really scary.

"It-it-it-it-it's been a while, Sakamoto! I-I-I missed you."

"It-it-it-it-it's been a while, senpai! I-I-I'm really happy."

Running up to me next are the pair of pretty girls, Kasumi and Misaki.

To be expected of girls, I guess? Both seemed a little mature after I haven't seen them in a while. But...

(What's with the getup...)

It's cold, and one's dressed in miniskirt Santa clothes, while the other's wearing a Santa costume with exposed sleeves and cleavage. Thanks to that, their teeth are clattering, and they can't speak well.

Also.

"A-anyway, how's this dressup? Th-this is prepared for you, Sakamoto?"

"Wh-what do you think, senpai? Is-is today's Misaki the Misaki Koudera you hope for?"

So they asked. Well, no matter what they said—

"Erm...why are you dressed up like this?"

"———"

I asked, and they froze up like granite for some reason.

What's going on?

"It's been a while Sakamoto."

"Been a while, Mr Sakamoto!"

I tilted my head in confusion, and Kazeshiro and Mohawak approached me. Oh, been a while! Anyway, you two...haven't changed at all. So men are supposed to be like that? I never changed either.

Then.

Finally coming over was the one with the usual sourpuss face—

“Oh, been a while, Yukiko.”

“...Hmph. Yukiko isn’t happy just because you dropped by.”

My little sister, Yukiko.

It’s the first time we met directly ever since the Obon festival. To be honest, I didn’t think it was too long, but I suppose I can pretend that it’s been a while. I did find that frowning face nostalgic after all.

“So, what’s with everyone gathered here? Holding a Christmas Party?”

“What are you saying? Didn’t you ask Yukiko to organize this?”

Anyway, I tried asking what I was curious about, but this was the answer I got.
I requested?

What’s going on?

While I was left confused, I heard Yukiko say this,

“Yukiko’s returning this to you. The mission you entrusted a year and a half ago is done now.”

“Eh? ...Ah.”

Saying that, Yukiko handed me a letter. Seeing it, I was left speechless.

That’s—

“Return this to me on Christmas Eve a year and a half later!”

The letter from the girl who once was half of me, Hikari Yumesaki.

So I understood.

Why was everyone gathered around so unnaturally on this Christmas Eve? Also, why was the request specifically from me a year and a half ago? I had a look at this letter again.

Just maybe—

“__”

I hurriedly received the letter, ignoring the surprised Yukiko, and opened it.

“To Sakamoto.”

There were two letters inside. On the first one, these were the words at the top. Following that was—

“Yahoo! It’s been a while! We meet again, Sakamoto! Hikari-chan at your service!”

“Yumesaki Hikari...”

I read the letter she sent after a year and a half.

The words were lively, just like back when we had our daily exchange journal. I could feel her smile brimming on the paper. Never thought I would be reading something she wrote at this point.

“Now then, you’re in college now, aren’t you, Sakamoto? Sorry for asking Yukiko to organize this Christmas party without you knowing. However, I have something to convey to you a year and a half later to you today, Sakamoto. So... please listen to ‘my true feelings’—”

“.....”

At the bottom of the page was a Hikari Yumesaki dressed in a Santa outfit. The first page ended here. Reading till this point, I slowly took a deep breath.

It’s fine. I won’t cry, no matter what she says.

I recalled my past promise, took out the second page, and began to read.

From my beloved, other half.

The message my dearest girl left for me—

“So Sakamoto...since you’re still a virgin after entering college ROFLMAO I had everyone summoned here, so graduate hereLOLOLOLLOLO pffffffffftttttt XDXDXDXDXDXD.”

“...”

That’s it.

...

Hahaha. What’s with this?

Oh, yeah, that. There’s more at the back, right? ...No, the actual part’s at the

back...I-I can find some hidden message if I turn it around...

“...”

I neatly folded up the two pieces of paper, and inserted them back into the envelop.

And then—

“RETURN ME MY FEELINGS ALREADY DAMMMMMNNNNN IIIIIITTTT!”

I yelled. Even though I’m outdoors, I still have to yell.

Of course, all the passers-by gave me shocked looks. Bu-but—that idiot! A year and a half later, and another of her stupid pranks! Eh...is this really it!? You got to be kidding, right!?

“It certainly looks like you were summoned to the back of the gym by a love letter, and realized got bluffed. How amusing.”

Suddenly, a nostalgic, frosty voice rang in my ears.

“—Chiaki!?”

Oh?

Appearing there was a wheelchair-bound Chiaki. She’s dressed rather warmly, with a little Christmas hat on her head for some reason.

“Were you called out too, Chiaki?”

“Yes, it does seem the one you missed is not a particularly honest one.”

“Eh?”

“What she wrote to me contains her true thoughts.”

Saying that, Chiaki handed me an envelop much thicker than mine. It seemed she had received a letter from Hikari Yumesaki. Why would she write something so thick to Chiaki? So I wondered as I opened the letter.

Written on it was—

“It’s been a while, Chiakin! This is everyone’s heroine Hikarin! Thank you for taking care of that virgin Sakamoto☆. Now then, if everything goes as plan, my letter here shall be handed from Yukiko to you. Hm, it’s very important

though...this time! Hikari wants to organize a Christmas party a year and a half later Clap clap clap! Sorry for saying this to you out of a sudden, but I want to gather everyone together at this time. Because—”

The letter stopped here. Following that was a second page.

There was a voice in my head, one I never heard before, and I continued reading,

“Because...I don’t want to be forgotten by Sakamoto. I was wondering if it’ll be a good thing to have him forget about me. But, I don’t want to be forgotten after all. Occasionally, just occasionally, I hope that he’ll think of me. I guess such selfish words on Christmas day is forgivable, yeah?”

“...”

There was another page inside. Having read till this point though, I understood everything.

She did not want to be forgotten. Thus, she gathered everyone together for a Christmas party, after such a long while. For a moment, I did not understand what she was saying. Soon though, I did.

The answer was stated by everyone.

“But it has been a while, Sanada-senpai. You really took care of me during the skiing trip. I had been preserving the memory of your hilarious face when you failed to get onto the cable car. Pfft.”

“It’s really been a while, Misaki. I can still remember how I just so happened to slide out and crash into you and you landed on your butt. Pfft.”

They were talking about the skiing trip planned by Hikari Yumesaki.

“It’s been a while, Mr Kazeshiro! How have you been? Been a while since you were a member of Sexy Dream—”

“Enough with the ‘a while’, Mohawk...”

Over there was the nostalgic name created by Hikari Yumesaki.

Ahh, so that’s how it is. I see, Hikari Yumesaki.

“If everyone is gathered together...they will remember Sakamoto and me.”

Hikari Yumesaki's scared.

Scared of being forgotten.

She was utterly terrified at the prospect of being forgotten in the world without her.

I graduated from college, and if everyone ran about, nobody would understand how my high school life went. In that case, she might really be forgotten. That was what Hikari Yumesaki really feared. While everyone was scattered, she played her card, to organize a Christmas party.

"A place with everyone around, means a place with me a round."

Kasumi and the others started talking about the past, just as though Hikari Yumesaki herself had declared this. They all involved the memories Hikari Yumesaki and I shared in high school. If everyone's laughing and chatting—so Hikari Yumesaki would revive here.

"...No way will I forget."

Somewhere on this world.

I believed she would be looking up at the same sky, and so I quietly declared to that lonely her. I won't forget this once in an era troublemaker girl.

"While trying to have everyone remember her, Miss Yumesaki probably planned this for your sake, Mr Akitsuki. So that everyone will not go their separate ways, and remain as good friends forever. After that, the one entrusted with this mission is Miss Yukiko."

With Chiaki's prompting, I looked towards Yukiko, who was watching Kasumi and Misaki's quarrel.

Hikari Yumesaki gave the mission to gather everyone, not to Chiaki and Kazeshiro, both of them knowing the truth, but to Yukiko.

It's simple. There's only one reason.

I thought that while she was living inside me, the one closest to Hikari Yumesaki would be me. But in fact, our backs were facing each other. We never interacted, never talked. Only one person was different.

Every alternate day, she would face Hikari Yumesaki. Every alternate day, she would hear Hikari Yumesaki's voice. Every alternate day, she would interact.

Until the moment Hikari Yumesaki vanished, the one who always remained by her side, supporting her was—

“In fact, Yukiko's the one closest to Hikari Yumesaki.”

And thus, she was entrusted with this mission.

If it was Yukiko, surely she would be able to gather everyone.

She would surely gather everyone, and on this Christmas Eve, this night, Hikari Yumesaki would revive.

And because of this though, she had Yukiko do it.

Again, I really had to thank this little sister I'm proud of. I looked towards her little back. This little snow pixie gathered us together, and brought Hikari Yumesaki back to me on this Christmas, in Santa Claus' stead.”

“Ah.” “Wah.”

At this moment.

Everyone raised their hands, looking up at the sky. With this as signal, I too noticed.

“Snow—”

This timing's way too precious

Right on the day Hikari Yumesaki planned this, at this moment. Beautiful white snow began to flutter in the night sky. It's like we're trying to hope for her long-awaited return—

“A white Christmas...Hayato.”

Chiaki too probably had the same feelings. With a fleeting, tender voice, she muttered.

It felt as though she had recalled something. It felt as though she was doting, enduring for something.

It felt as though this was a reunion the one person we shared our bodies with

—our dearest whom no longer existed.

“ ... ”

Unwilling to take this, I looked towards everyone else.

White snow fluttered in the night sky.

Some tried to reach out to grab with their hands, some looked up at the sky, and some stared at the snowflakes with nostalgia.

Yukiko—reached her hands out, trying to grab the snow with her red gloves. She hurled about, reaching out. She looked really, really happy. For some reason, it felt as though I was seeing a new ‘her’.

“...Thanks Yukiko. And—welcome back, Hikari Yumesaki, even though it’s a short time.”

I muttered, looking up at the sky as I lamented. At this moment—

“What are you two being chummy about/”

Yukiko probably realized she was being stared at. Her cute little face frowned again, and she came towards us, so close before us that I could hear her huffing,

“Feels like you two are on good terms.”

Again she said some spiteful words.

Chiaki and I exchanged looks, and we grimaced.

“Ah, sorry, sorry. We were just talking.”

“Fufuf. Sorry now, Miss Yukiko. I shall return your brother to you. Have a nice Christmas Eve.”

So,

That’s the end of the recollection, and while we were about to huddle with the others—

“ ... ”

‘Yukiko?’

For some reason, Yukiko lowered her head, remaining silent.

And then, she finally spoke up—

“...It’s fine, Yukiko’s fine if it’s with ‘Chiaki onee-chan’.”

“Huh?” “Eh?”

That was what she said.

...Eh!?

I was thinking hard, trying to comprehend what that meant, but those voices interrupted me.

“Wai-wai-wai-wai-wait!? Yu-Yu-Yu-Yu-Yukiko!?”

“Sa-Sa-Sa-Sa-Sakamoto’s little sister!? Wh-what did you just, saayyy!?”

What’s with that amazing sense of hearing.

Flying in like a Jamaican sprinter from several meters out were Kasumi and Misaki, their faces all contorted beyond belief.

“H-huh? Did I mishear something? H-hey Yukiko. I think I heard you say something you wouldn’t do no matter how much I begged you.”

“Sakamoto little sister. It’s a little sudden, but can you say ‘Misaki onee-chan’? Don’t think too hard into it. Just say it, okay?”

But when faced with the two Santa Clauses closing in, Yukiko averted her eyes.

And furthermore, she was giving an utterly condescending look—

“...Hmph. It’s too lazy for people like you to call yourself older sisters. Don’t get cocky, you two Santa Bitches.”

“““Hiii—”””

Brutal. Savage. Rktd.

Instantly dejected were the Santa Claus with exposed thighs, and the Santa Claus in the miniskirt.

Eh, erm...this...?

“Teehee. Oh my, I never thought the Christmas present would be such a cute little sister. Though I had rejected your love confession once, Mr Akitsuki...it

does appear there is some room for reconsideration.”

“Chiaki, do-don’t joke around.”

While Chiaki’s giving me a nice eyeful, I blushed. I clicked my tongue to hide my embarrassment. Seriously, Hayato’s going to give me an earful if he heard that.

“Oh my oh my, what are you saying...hm?”

But there was no time to space out.

The dejected Kasumi and Misaki were chattering away about something weird. What are they playing?

“Anyway, a ceasefire first...” “The enemy of my enemy...” I seemed to have heard them mutter.

Also, things were escalating.

“Yu-Yukiko! Call me ‘sister’!”

“What are you saying now, Kinoshita?”

Kinoshita started saying something utterly ridiculous.

“Hm? What? Then I shall be a candidate for an older sister.”

“Kazeshiro? Seriously, can you shut up?”

Fooling around next was that idiot Kazeshiro. The chaos didn’t end though.

“E-erm...Mr Sakamoto, what will...”

“Stop butting in, Mohawk! Don’t think too much about what they were saying.”

I retorted at Mohawk, who was fidgeting around, looking awkward. Even after yelling back, things wouldn’t calm down. Hikari Yumesaki summoned a bunch of idiots after all.

“In that case, I can pretend to casually take Sakamoto’s virginity...good, we’re college students after all.”

“Eh, K-Kasumin?”

Eh? For some reason, her eyes were glowing.

“If I can get senpai’s virginity first...hm, this simple-minded senpai will be done in by the allure of my pretty legs.”

“Mi-Misakin?”

You-your eyes are looking a little dark.

And then.

Both of them were closing in on me. Ah, this isn’t good.

I realized this instinctively. Clearly, I sensed the danger.

“...”

In that case, what I should do next is—

“...We’re running, Yukiko!”

“Eh? –Woah!?”

I inserted my head between Yukiko’s legs, lifted her up, and ran off.

“Ah, wait! Sakamoto!” “Please wait, senpai!”

Their frantic voices continued to give chase. Ahahaha, I can’t wait though.

“Hey—what are you doing, brother! You pervert!”

“Oh, you’ve grown?”

My little sister’s yelling as she remained on my head. She grabbed onto my head, yapping about something.

Ahh, nothing changed.

Petite, always frowning and grumbling. But always working hard, so kind, and —

“Yukiko.”

I said,

“Thanks. For being always—by ‘my side’.”

Various memories intertwined, and I thanked her earnestly from the bottom of my heart.

To my little sister, who kept supporting her in my stead during that

irreplaceable one year.

“...Hmph.”

Yukiko snorted.

Maybe I could hear her true thoughts—for just a moment, I had this thought.

But coming from her cute lips were words I had expected.

“So what? Yukiko hopes that trash like you won’t talk to Yukiko!”

She frowned, turning her head aside.



Epilogue

The girl put the pen down, and again took a deep breath.

Right, this is perfect. Surely there would be no further problems.

Seemingly believing in that, she stared at the few letters in front of her.

All she needed to do was to hand them over to Yukiko, and on Christmas, a year and a half later, deliver them to each recipient.

With that, she would surely be able to revive on that day.

For he would understand the intent behind it.

No matter how many years passed, surely, he would be able to understand her thinking.

And certainly, she would be able to revive on Christmas.

The girl imagined the scenery that would happen.

What kind of day would it be?

Would it snow? Would the moon be out? Would there be white breath?

She tried to imagine the temperature, the scene.

And at the same time, she thought of how everyone would look during their reunion one and a half years later.

Will everyone change?

Her impression of Kasumi was that the latter might become a little devil after entering college.

Misaki would be preparing for her exams, and might be worn out.

Kazeshiro and that mohawk head might not change much, and they had their personalities set in stone.

Kinoshita will be the toughest to imagine, because he is the most unpredictable of them all.

On the other hand, Yukiko's easy to imagine. To be honest, she won't change

at all.

Also,

The girl thought of the last person.

What about him?

What will happen to him a year and a half later?

Will he trim his hair? Will he become a little more intimate?

The girl continued to imagine, coming up with all kinds of imaginations of the future for the boy she loved.

And then, the most likely answer was that it will never change.

Perhaps, he will not change after all the experiences. This can be said to be what the girl believes.

And at the same time, this conclusion causes her to relax.

He might be clumsy, unsociable, but was a charismatic boy.

Please continue to be the same, be the same person I love.

The girl earnestly prayed.

...

And then, the girl continues to imagine.

When they reunite, what would everyone be talking about?

What happened recently? What would happen? Perhaps they would start chatting away without realizing it.

Surely, friends who reunite after a long time will say something.

However, the girl was very confident that it might not be all.

Everyone will start to talk about the memories they had before.

What happened back then, and so on.

Such topics will surely revolve around him.

In that case, if that happens.

The girl thought, and her face could not help but relax.

In that case—she will be able to revive at that moment.

She was looking forward to enjoying his shocked face, his nostalgic face at that moment.

Surely, he would be delighted again in a year and a half.

Her face could not stop grinning as she imagined his face and drawing an image of his inner heart.

Her heart was filled with elation, joy, anticipation.

Ah, how wonderful would an encounter be.

The girl noted in her heart.

—

However, at that moment.

(–!)

The girl noticed. No, she thought of it.

What that imagination implied.

That during this reunion after so long, what it would have meant.

On the Christmas a year and a half later

—she would no longer be around.

(...)

It was a known fact, and she had accepted this reality, mentally prepared for it.

But at this moment, as she thought about the fun future, her heart filled with expectations, she again realized some cruel truth.

She did not have much time to live.

She was about to leave soon.

And—the time she would have with him was short.

...

She once showed off such a dazzling smile. The girl lowered her head deeply, hiding her face.

Tears continued to fall.

No matter how many times she thought of it—a farewell was so painful.

The happy days were about to end.

She had to bid farewell to all the encounters they had.

In the face of such a reality, the upcoming future, she was utterly terrified, her heart filled with endless anguish and loneliness.

She remained to continue remaining by his side, but such a wish would never be granted.

The girl cried. She was not terrified of death, but at their farewell.

She kept crying—

“YOOOOOOO! You doing fine, Hikari Yumesaki!!?”

“—!?”

—

—

But at this moment,

Suddenly,

An abrupt outburst broke the silence in the room.

The girl was so shocked, she held down her pounding heart, and looked around. What was with that voice just now?

And then, she immediately understood.

“Wahahaha!! You’re shocked, right? Are you shocked now, Hikari Yumesaki!?”

The voice came from the alarm of the cellphone.

It was probably a recording voice, set to playback at this time, at maximum volume.

The girl immediately understood how he would think.

“Hohoho. You think I’ll let myself be teased by your tricks all this time? That’s a big mistake! I’ll take revenge at times! And, well—”

What he said next shocked her,

“The one teaching me pranks is the biggest prankster girl in the world. I’ll never forget it!”

(—!)

The girl was dumbfounded,

And some time after his voice stopped, she began to smile again.

She was had. Really. She never thought she would be shocked by him.

At the same time, she was thoroughly relieved.

Yes, she would disappear soon, but even so, it seemed he would never forget about her.

There would be nothing to fear. All she had to do was the enjoy the remaining time.

The time she had with her dearest, him.

The girl opened the notebook, and flipped a new page.

What shall she write?

Perhaps she should write another teasing greeting, or a bigger prank to cause him more headache.

Perhaps an illustration of her kissing him on the cheek? Surely he would be flustered and blushing.

And then, and then, and then,

Thinking about him, all kinds of ideas surged in her mind.

Yes, perhaps she should leave some words in his manga books.

So that whenever he opened them, he would recall her.

No, perhaps she should leave notes all over the room.

She shall play a game of hide and seek with him, leaving behind several clones in the room.

Thinking about this, the girl let the pen run.

To the beloved him.

To the him who saved her.

Tomorrow, you will revive.

I shall forever be the dazzling light in your dreams.

She wrote down her life in this inexplicable notebook.



Tomorrow, I will die.
You will revive.
I hope to see you again
sometime.
By Princess Polaris.



Afterword

I guess those holding this book right now have bought the entire series. So, do you mind taking out your 3rd volume, and flip to the last page, the afterword? What is written there? Probably something like this.

"I'm guessing that the new work will be published unexpectedly soon."

And so, a year passed. Now, what am I releasing?

A short story collection LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL

...Actually, a lot of things happened. I can only apologize to those who are really looking forward to the new work. This year can only be summarized with two lines.

Editor-in-charge: “Are you writing?”

Maru Fuji: “Slump♥♥♥♥”

That's all. (I'm really sorry. Please forgive me.)

So, after all that, I was only able to publish a short story collection, and to be honest, I caused everyone trouble. I was given an instruction to apologize to the readers who did not know, to write an afterword of 6 pages.

6 pages...well, letting the readers read 6 pages worth of Maru Fuji's afterword is basically torture.

But since it is an order by the higher ups, I can only start writing. I suppose the readers will feel bored if I'm to just talk nonsense in these 6 pages like before, so I intend to mix in some behind the scenes parts in this part, and mix up the number of pages!

So, the behind the scenes today include.

*Behind the scenes ①: Miss Higumo was originally a male character.

Yep. It does appear from the readers' letters that Miss Higumo is somewhat popular, but when I submitted this work for the newcomer prize award, she was a male.

Why a man? Because he's the only one Akitsuki could complain to when the latter's unable to talk with others. In my mind, Akitsuki isn't someone who dares to talk to young women.

But in the editing phase, I had to change Miss Higumo's gender.

Why do I have to do this to a popular character? To explain this, I'll have to mention some amazing conversation with the editor. What kind of conversation? Two lines will be enough to summarize, actually—

Editor-in-charge: *"How about adding some female characters?"*

Maru Fuji: "Ah, I'll just change the teacher to a female."

That's all.

Well, it's a love comedy. I got no choice♪.

So, Miss Higumo became a female, and her name—'Stella' has the meaning of 'star'. One of my favorite, meaningless connotations is to add terms related to the sun or moon in the names of the important characters.

*Behind the scenes ②: The dentist and the secret room, first half.

Maru Fuji likes sweets, and will keep eating them. Thanks to that, I got a toothache. A toothache will affect my work if I leave it alone! Thinking about this, I head off to the dental clinic I often visited when I was younger.

Of course, I'm rather familiar with the clinic owner, so we will chat during the breaks. Suddenly, I notice something.

(Here we go again...)

Why?

During the breaks, the dentist will often head to a little room (?) right beside the dental clinic—of course. It's not to rest. He'll go in once every few minutes, and come back after another 10 seconds or so. Whenever I see him go in and out, I recall my doubts when I came here during my younger days.

What's in that room anyway? A basilisk?

This doubt was suddenly solved one day.

"Ah, Maru Fuji, mind coming along with me before you head back?"

“!?”

One day, right when I was about to head back, the dentist brought me to the mystery room.

(This mystery that’s plaguing me for so long is finally about to be solved...)

Feeling excited, I follow the dentist, and enter the secret room.

“Actually, Maru Fuji, this dentist here—”

“Th-this is...!”

What did Maru Fuji see in this room!?!

—The mystery will be solved in the second half.

*Behind the scenes ③: Yukiko’s character did not exist at first.

Akitsuki’s little sister Yukiko has been highly active as the protagonist of the first and last episodes of this short story collection, and maybe I did mention somewhere else that in the original story, the character Yukiko never existed. The original setting was such that Akitsuki never had a little sister.

So, why did Yukio appear anyway? Actually, that has to do with what I mentioned about Miss Higumo originally being a guy. According to the original setting of the first volume, if Miss Higumo was a guy—there wouldn’t be any female characters appearing! This is something unbelievable in a love comedy!

(Isn’t that bad for a love comedy...it’s hard to say that Hikari Yumesaki is one too...)

So I hurriedly added in the character of Yukiko. This character I spent 2 seconds creating was highly approved by the editor, and not only appears in the story and illustrations, she even appears on the cover. I don’t know what in the world is going on anymore.

*Behind the scenes ④: The dentist and the secret room, second half

What Maru Fuji saw in the secret room was—

“Actually, this dentist has been trading stocks. My computer malfunctioned. Mind checking on it?”

“Stock trading!?”

What are you doing during work?

...I guess though that his personality of not wasting even a single second is the secret to him being an amazing doctor. I'm really sorry that the answer is like that (Laughs)

*Behind the scenes ⑤: About the series 'Tomorrow I Will Die, You Will Revive'.

Eh, it's a little sudden, but I want to talk about my feelings on this work 'Tomorrow I Will Die, You Will Revive'.

This work is as forgotten as everyone else did, a debut work of mine published because I won the newcomer prize. Of course, I'm rather emotional about this series. When writing the second volume, I was told to compress a lot of the plot, and I basically rewrote everything. When I was told that the story would end in the 3rd volume, I was really dejected. Isn't it great to end this in the best way possible? I was consoling myself, yet feeling conflicted: No, can't I write some more now?

But,

For some reason and amazing coincidence, the chance to write 'just a little more' finally happens. I really do feel delighted to be able to write this work after so long, and finish all the little bits I felt were left hanging. Of course, this is due to everyone's support. Thank you very much.

Now then, the series 'Tomorrow I Will Die, You Will Revive' is officially at its end!

...I guess! (Laughs)

*Behind the Scenes⑥: The next work.

Finally, I'll introduce the process of actually writing a book.

The basic process is: 'Planning—writing—correcting—proofing'. That is the process of writing. Now then, which phase is Maru Fuji's next work at right now?—

Planning ← Over here

Writing

Correcting

Proofing

...

Right! All going as planned.

There's a dangerous presence lingering, but I'm guessing that I'll continue to work hard. An ordinary person's weapon is an unyielding heart. When that happens, I hope that everyone can support me. Ah, I didn't realize, but it's already 7 pages. I wrote too much! So that is possible, I guess!

Now then, I shall stop here. Thank you all for reading.

Maru Fuji